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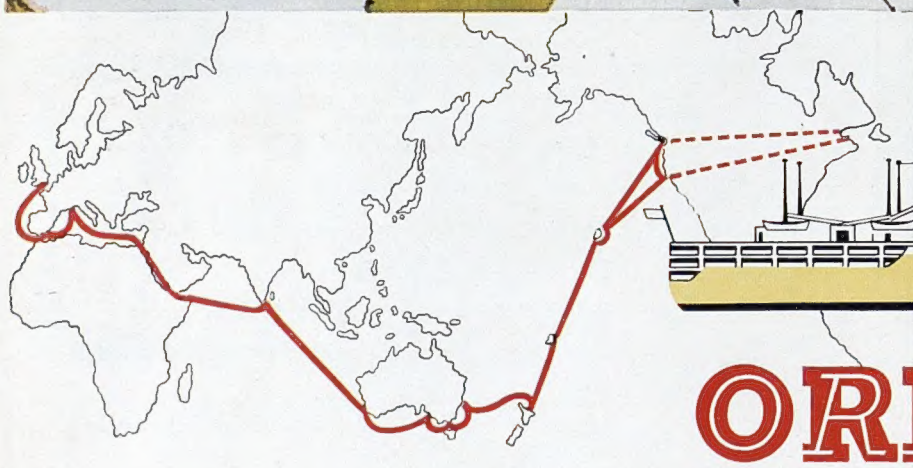

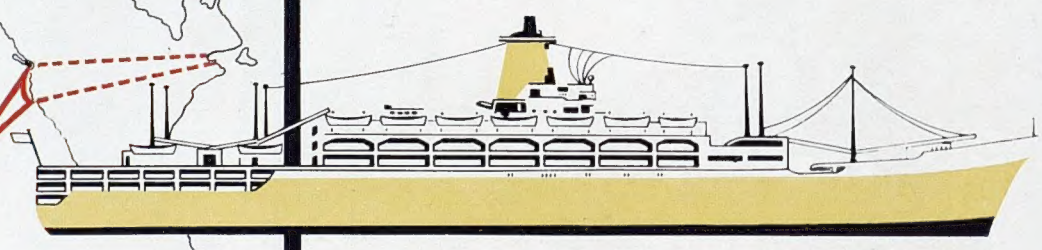

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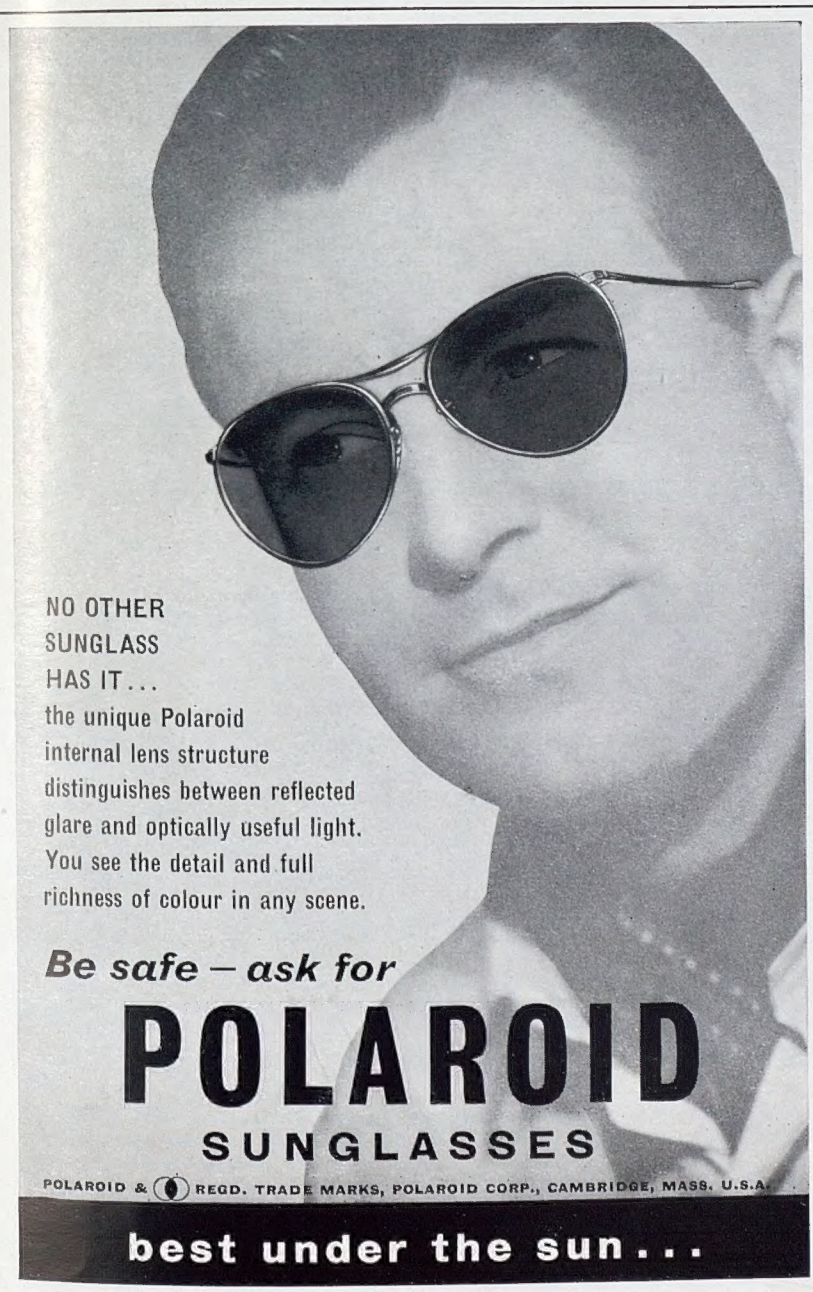

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Volume CCXXXIII No. 3034

The SPHERE, London, May 24, 1958

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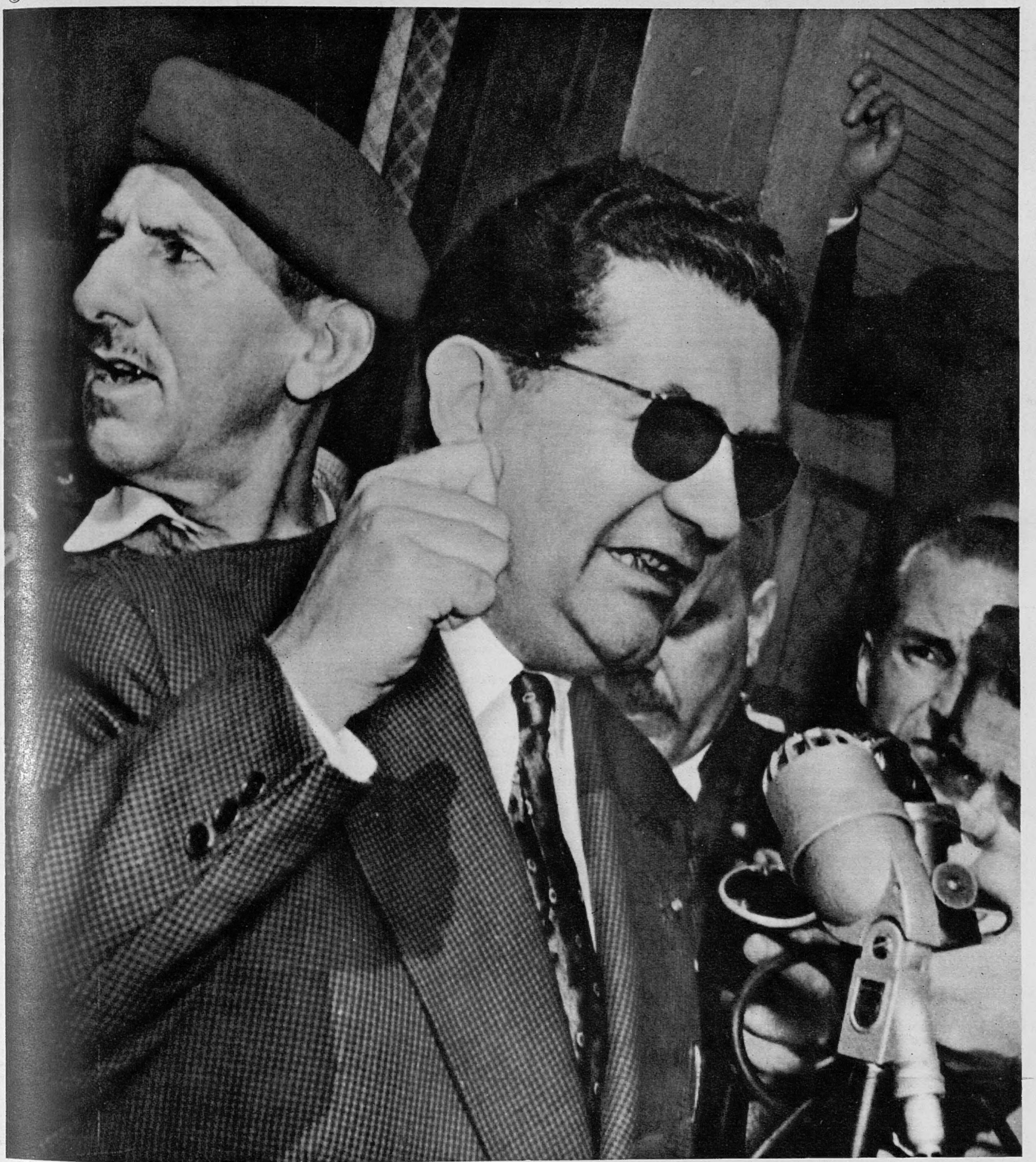

CIVIL AND MILITARY LEADERS IN ALGIERS—M. SOUSTELLE SPEAKS TO A WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD AFTER HIS DRAMATIC JOURNEY FROM PARIS: Behind him is General Massu, the commander of the Algiers military region, who first took control of the Committee of Public Safety. M. Soustelle, Gaullist leader and advocate of the strongest policy in Algeria, had escaped police surveillance in France. His arrival gave a new turn to the most serious French crisis since the war.

At the beginning of this week there was still considerable confusion regarding the trend of events in France and Algiers and the attitudes of the leading personalities concerned. In the previous days the French Algerian extremists—sometimes referred to in Paris as "insurrectionaries"—had not succeeded in their object of keeping M. Pflimlin out of the Premiership. Rather, the riots and Committees of Public Safety had put him in and forty-eight hours later he obtained emergency powers with a thundering majority in the National Assembly. Even without the Communists M. Pflimlin was comfortably supported. Where obscurity continued was over the views of the Army leaders. Possibly M. Soustelle spoke for them when he declared on Sunday "We do not wish for a rupture." It was noticeable that at the same time M. Pflimlin on his side refrained from naming those provoking the riots in Algeria and their accomplices. Much was thought to depend on General de Gaulle. At his Press conference on Monday afternoon he stated that he would return to power by legal means only. This declaration implied that the next move lay with M. Pflimlin. Meanwhile the world, alarmed by events in France, looked with equally grave anxiety to the Eastern Mediterranean and Lebanon. (Further French pictures on pages 274-75-76, 282-83.)

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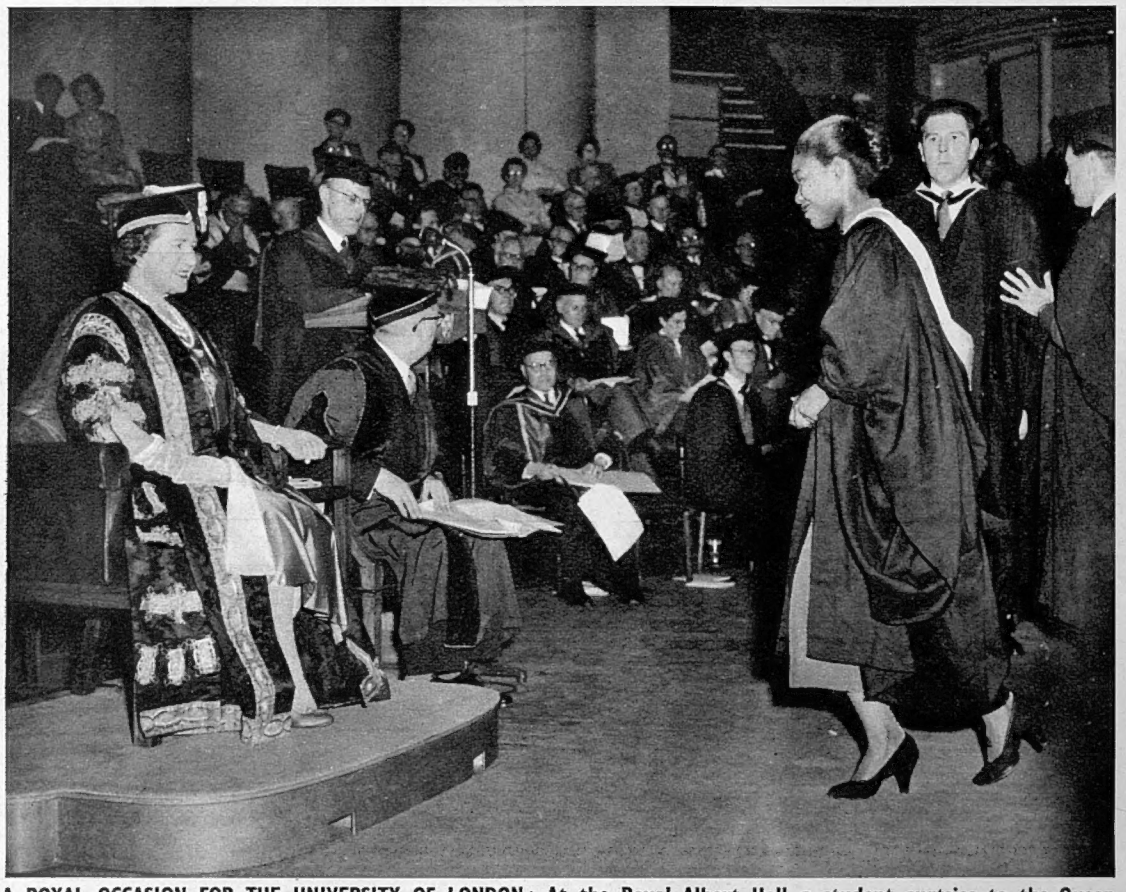

A ROYAL OCCASION FOR THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: At the Royal Albert Hall, a student curtsies to the Queen Mother, Chancellor of the University, during a ceremony for the presentation of degrees. This was the second of two ceremonies which the Queen Mother attended last week in connection with the University. A few days earlier she had attended the University's Centenary Dinner of Convocation at Grosvenor House.

A CEREMONY OF REMEMBRANCE : Dr. J. E. Holloway, the High Co Stone of Remembrance during the ceremony at the Runnyme the Commonwealth who have no known graves. On the ri R.A.F., who conducted the service. The names of 20,456 missi

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

The French Revolution?—One can only (at the time of writing) précis the events which have led up to the crisis in France. M. Pflimlin was elected French Premier by a large majority on May 13, even as the news of the Army *coup d'état* in Algeria filtered through. General Salan, C.-in-C., announced the *coup* as the formation of a Committee of Public Safety in Algeria, to remain until a Council of Public Safety is formed in France. The titles have an ominous sound, but the times justify their choice. President Coty, having triumphantly found a Premier, called an emergency meeting of Gaillard's late Cabinet to consider the news from Algeria. All Paris was taken by surprise, and despite the large majority which put M. Pflimlin in office, the B.B.C. and the British public may well have wondered if it were worth their trouble to learn how to pronounce the new Premier's name. For two or three days following, the situation was obscure to Frenchmen and foreign observers alike. It seemed at any rate clear that General Massu's *coup* was the result of a misunderstanding of M. Pflimlin's Algerian policy. It was taken by the Army in Algeria and the French settlers to mean "abandonment" of Algeria, which, for them, any "compromise" solution of the Algerian problem would mean. Certainly M. Pflimlin's policy did not imply abandonment. Certainly neither he nor the President stand for a Government pledged to step up the already futile policy of force of arms which has spelt disaster. It is clear, too, that Algeria is not the only issue. This new French Revolution is a tardy and fiercer reaction against the degradation and blind folly of the Fourth Republic, with the shameless exploitation of France by her professional cliques to whom the game of party-politics is *all* and the survival of France as a great Power of secondary interest.

"The Danton of the Hour."—De Gaulle, the Danton of the hour, appeared in Paris on the vital day, as enigmatic a figure and as dumb as he has been for decades. Two days later he made his decision and announced it. He was "ready to assume the powers of the Republic," if called on to do so. A decision was forced on him. While there is every reason to believe that he took no part in pre-crisis secret conversations, hopes of his intervention were clearly the motive power of the Algerian *coup*, and important elements in Metropolitan France have been hardly less clamorous in their hopes. It remains to learn if he is a spent force or if, on second thoughts, the implications of his assumption of power (which can only come by another "revolution") seem to him too dangerous for his country. He abhors the Parliamentary system which has brought France so low in his time, but, while that system lasts, his intervention can only come by unconstitutional means—and I doubt if he still possesses, if he ever did, the ability and character of a Cromwell. To-day only a revolution can remove that "bauble," and only the support of a multitude of ironsides could enable him to assume Cromwell's successful role. M. Soustelle's dramatic escape to Algiers added to the intense excitement with which de Gaulle's declaration of May 19 was awaited over the week-end. At the time of writing, it is difficult to decide who among the protagonists is on the side of whom and where lies hidden the antidote to France's poison and the cure of her malaise. But all the seeds of another French revolution are in the soil of France and Algeria, and the next week or so may decide their fate.

The "Show-down."—The accusation that the Government, in its conduct of the busmen's dispute, was deliberately engineering a show-down with the Trades Union has been repeatedly made by the Opposition and by Trade Union officials. But "those who come to Equity must come with clean hands," and the T.U.C., when on May 7 they "threw their moral weight" behind the strike (at the instance of Mr. Cousins), revealed pretty clearly the origin of the show-down. A show-down it is, but by no wish or action of the Government, which has done no more than try to do what the T.U.C. fails to do—namely, to preserve the machinery on which organised labour depends for its welfare. In endorsing this shortsighted strike, the General Purposes Committee of the T.U.C. threw the whole blame on the Government and came out as the open and declared enemy of th Government's economic policy at a critical time whe success or failure is in the balance and restraint in wag claims the decisive factor, at a time when these claim (no longer justified by higher cost of living) pile up fo consideration. In short, we have the making of the "tw camps," the "two nations." On the one side, the Labou Opposition and organised labour; on the other th Government, the other parties and the "drones" whic include the vast majority of the population which ha no union ticket. Undoubtedly it is a show-down Let us hope it will prove a show-up also. Wher last week I expressed my surprise at the Premier' optimism, this "shape of things to come" was n my mind; for, alas, the time is short for the wob bling and apathetic voter to realise what existenc in a "two-nations" State will mean for him unde Socialist rule.

Cocksparrow Hall.—A cheeky little cotta on an island site eminence near my home goes by th name of "Cocksparrow Hall," and I find the name-sig appropriate whenever I pass by. Mr. Mintoff's lat ultimatum to the Governor of Malta made me thi that, thanks to his hot air, Malta, G.C., is in a fair w to earn that title. If his demands are not conceded wit seven days, he will march on the radio centre, and so t Britain must either concede integration on his Labo Party's terms or he will demand independence in f and "Malta will then probably be better off." Britai failure to find a "puppet Government" to supply place is one of a list of his recent resounding victor When power politics and the sanction of force were ru out among civilised nations, the day of the cocksparro dawned. When guns and catapults were ruled out, th found themselves as safe and strong as the strong and descended on the grain and fruits they craved, chu ling over the futile bird-scarers of sweet reason wh great powers employ *faute de mieux*. The triumph the cocksparrows, from Albania onwards, is the tr comedy of Britain's modern power and influence. Inde in this era of diplomatic transition, with nothing replace the old gunboat diplomacy, we have really be strange to say, more successful in averting trouble w the international eagles and buzzards than with the co sparrows. For the eagles dare not use their claws, a the sparrows know it. So the Cocksparrow Halls spri up all over the place, and for a few months or they remain triumphant as castles, until they disco that independence, even in a cottage, implies "indep dent means," for rates and tradesmen must be pa Then the wicked dispossessed landlords are invited, to return in person, but to subsidise independence from safe distance.

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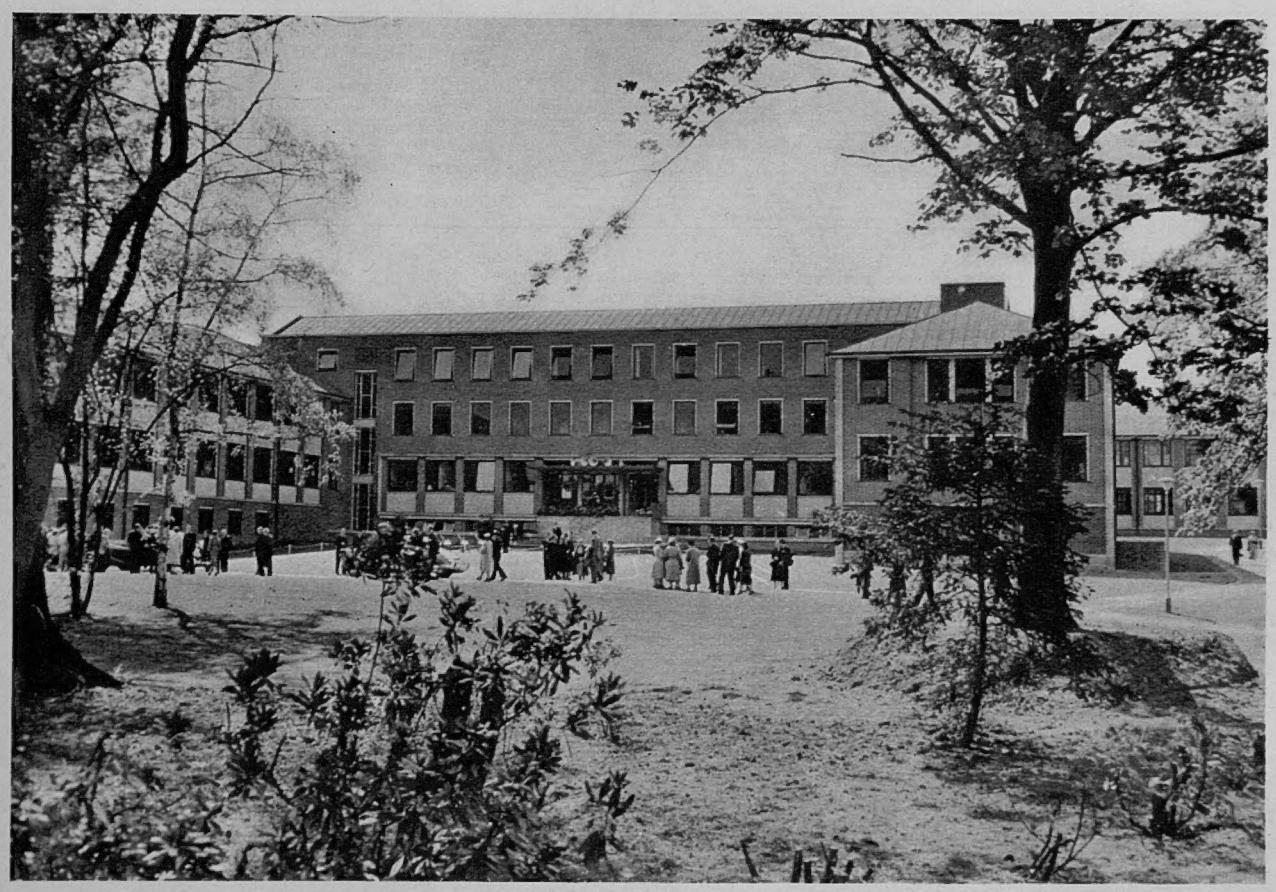
missioner for South Africa, places a wreath on the Memorial to officers and men of the Air Forces of is the Rev. Canon Giles, the Chaplain-in-Chief of the airmen are inscribed on the walls of the memorial.



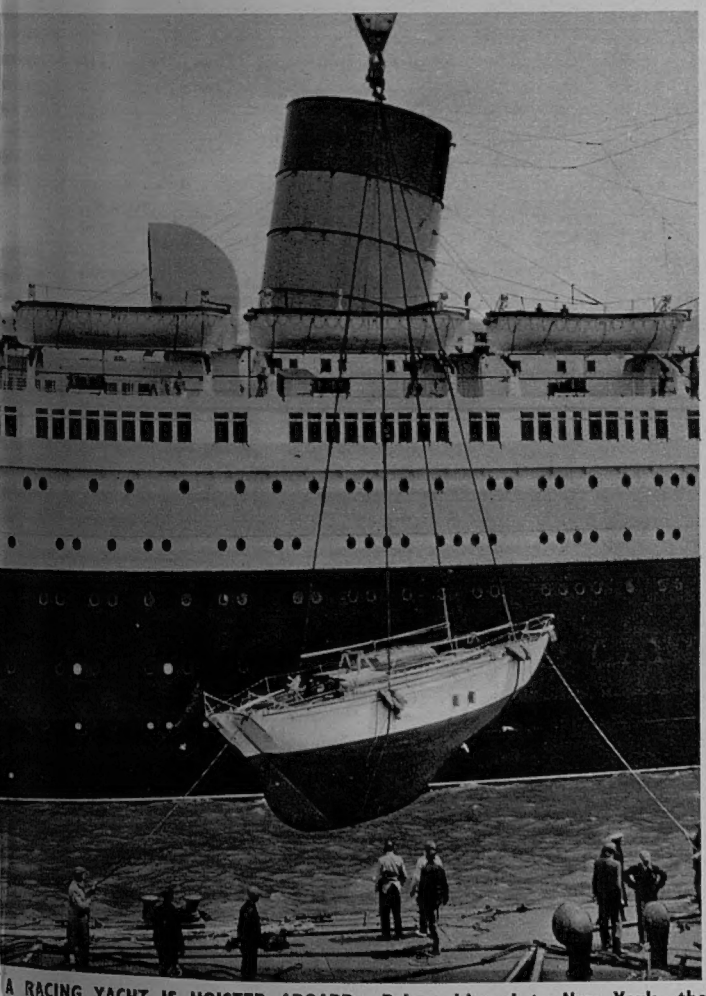
NEW OFFICES OPENED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON : In Dorking, Surrey, Sir Denis Truscott last week opened the new buildings of the Friends' Provident and Century Insurance Offices. On a 45-acre site at the foot of Box Hill, the Dorking offices will house the majority of departments from the London head office and the accounts department. The building has cost £600,000 and the floor area of the main building is 85,876 sq. ft. Round the offices grow many old trees.

Commonwealth Dumping-Ground.—

British subjects from all parts of the globe can come in to Britain at will. There are to-day just under 200,000 coloured members of the Commonwealth in Great Britain, and there is no sign of a slowing-up of this influx. In the last few weeks destitute Pakistanis have been coming over in large numbers (2,000 in February alone). They came by air and at once began to draw National Assistance money. The influx is beginning " to give the Home Office a headache." Many of us have long been conscious of this headache as we walk the streets of our far-from-homogeneous cities. The Government, we are told, is not blind to the potential social and economic problem so created. But how long will it regard the danger as potential rather than potent, urgent and instant? Unemployment is rising, taxation is still crippling; in a small way poverty and idleness are causing a crime-wave; and in they come, the unemployed of other lands, to cash-in on our " Welfare State " which we cannot possibly afford for our own nationals. There are times when the British taxpayer may well believe he lives in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land and is crowned with a global fool's cap and laughingly hailed as the world's No. 1 simpleton whom it is almost a shame to exploit.

Byron " Finds " in Russia.—

The passion for collecting autographs which seized the aristocracy of Europe in the early nineteenth century was responsible for many still-surviving autograph albums which are of not much value at auction. I have one myself, begun by Henrietta, Countess of Bessborough, and, of course, it includes its Byron autograph—four lines cut from an autograph copy of *The Corsair*. It is by no means unlikely that " new " letters written by Byron might have found their way into Russia. European " high society " in those days was European, not in national watertight compartments. Princess Lieven was readily accepted as one of London's arbiters of elegance. On the other hand, " new " poems by Byron must be judged strictly on their merits and in conformity with Byron's style, and the Russian finds, as first disclosed, probably suffered from translation from English into Russian and back again. Byron's ugly handwriting was often careless to indecipherability, but is easily recognised. So is his style. I am interested because twenty-five years back I was so lucky as to unearth half a dozen admirable letters written by Byron to the wife of Nelson's Hardy, and one of them contained an extra stanza to his lovely " When We Two Parted." It was a bad and cruel stanza, and the John Murray of the day persuaded Byron not to include it. But that suppressed stanza solved a then insoluble puzzle and controversy as to the identity of the lady to whom the poem was addressed. It made clear that she was Lady Frances Wedderburn and not Mrs. Leigh, as Lord Lovelace believed. I think it likely that a good deal more Byroniana awaits discovery or rediscovery in this country and in Europe, and it may well include authentic poetry.



A RACING YACHT IS HOISTED ABOARD : Being shipped to New York, the yacht *Belmore*, owned by Mr. T. W. M. Steele, is lifted on to the deck of the Cunard liner *Alsatia*. The *Queen Mary* is in the background. With two other British yachts, *Uomie* and *Drumbeat*, the *Belmore* will compete in the Newport, Rhode Island, to Bermuda race.

Haywire Art Prices.—

Sold at Christie's in 1888 for 17 guineas, a great picture of " Christ Healing the Blind," catalogued as a Veronese, was sold at Christie's in May 1958 for 36,000 guineas. In those seventy years the value of a guinea has greatly declined and the reputations of famous painters have risen and fallen with the reputations of art critics. To-day El Greco is up-and-up, and some critics aver that the " Veronese " may be an El Greco. So it was that Agnew's were prepared to bid up to 36,000 guineas to secure it for an unnamed buyer, and it is worth remembering that big canvasses under modern conditions are much harder to dispose of than small. Ben Marshall also is up-and-up to-day and a horse-painting of his was knocked down cheap at 8,000 guineas. Perhaps he got £25 for painting it in 1825. These were the highlights of an otherwise unspectacular sale in which I should be interested to know if a Cotes of an English Governor of North Carolina, which went to New York, is correctly labelled " Lord Charles Craven." The Midases of our day, I realise, find it very difficult to invest their surplus thousands where neither moth nor rust can corrupt nor Mr. Bloodsucker break-in and steal. But to rely on the current opinion of art critics that a given art investment is *not* a wasting asset is a bold decision, if one turns the pages of art history. It may well be that the " new " El Greco, at its next sale, will find its level somewhere half-way between 17 and 36,000 guineas. On the whole, I should say that diamonds are still a better safety-bet.

Architectural Detail Postcards.—

In the past I have sometimes felt that we in Britain lag behind some Continental countries in illustrating for tourists architectural gems of our famous buildings *in detail*. We have a fine range of illustrations, on postcards and otherwise, of our historic buildings, inside and outside, as a whole, although we perhaps incline to neglect fine modern examples. But often enough there are gems of sculpture not visible or clearly appreciated in a picture of a façade or even a room, and there is a real demand for close-up studies of these unobtrusive masterpieces. At Chartres, for instance, the tourist can buy such close-ups of almost every detail in that glorious structure, while at Westminster Abbey many not inferior little gems blush unseen because not illustrated in detail. Now an enterprising company—the Gordon Fraser Gallery of Bedford—has begun to supply these long-felt wants in a series of admirable postcards which range from the fairly well-known waxworks and several famous sculptures such as Colt's Elizabeth I and the bronze of Edward III in the Abbey, to similar detail studies in St. Paul's, each tersely and clearly described, together with studies in detail of famous houses and buildings in Greater London up to modern times. Those I have seen strike me as very well done and likely to appeal to serious students and intelligent tourists, and I recommend readers of the *Newsletter* to apply to the company for some examples. Its London address is: 8, Calvert Street, N.W.1.

THE OLD STAGER

A CHANCE TO VISIT CHARTWELL.—Once again Sir Winston and Lady Churchill are opening the grounds of their residence in Kent to the public. On Wednesday, June 11, the gardens will be open in aid of the parish churches of Westerham and Crockham Hill. To coincide with this, a display of church plate, registers and other documents is being arranged in Westerham Church. On Wednesday, July 9, Chartwell will be open for the second time this year, on behalf of the Y.W.C.A. There can be no doubt that many will want to avail themselves of these chances to walk in the grounds in which so much history has been made—and written.

M. JACQUES SOUSTELLE RETURNS TO ALGIERS: He is laying a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Behind him are, from the left, General Salan, Commander-in-Chief Algeria; General Jouhaux, of the French Air Force, and General Rethoré. M. Soustelle is regarded as a hero by the French in Algeria for his conduct of a strong policy during his Governor-Generalship from 1955-56. He is also the leader of the Gaullists in the French National Assembly in Paris and one of the most forceful of the right-wing politician

A DISCUSSION ON FUTURE POLICY: General Massu rests his head on his right hand and M. Soustelle is in equally serious mood as they talk together in Government House in Algiers. At the start of the crisis M. Soustelle was reported to be under virtual house arrest in Paris. But he managed to escape his police guards and reach Algiers by way of Switzerland.

KEY-MEN IN ALGERIA

Prominent Figures in the Challenge ma by Politicians and Military Leaders to t Central Government in Paris

M. Jacques Soustelle, whose return to Algi immediately made him the chief figure the political turmoil there, is an unusual type find in the heat of politics, for he is by profess an ethnologist and archæologist. In 1940 he w serving in the diplomatic service and became ardent supporter of de Gaulle, holding office the General's governments. Since the war he continued to be a leading member of the Gaull party. When he went to Algeria as Governo General in 1955 he was received with great s picion by the French there. They feared he wou be too moderate. But before he left, his firm poli had turned him into their hero. In his speeche and statements last week-end his theme w National Unity under de Gaulle. But he al said that he did not wish for a rupture betwe Algeria and Metropolitan France.

Among the generals, Massu, who has a rep tation of being one of the toughest of Franc professional soldiers, is known to have a disli for politicians. Whether this includes M. Soustel remains to be seen. At the beginning of t week neither Massu nor his superior, Gener Salan, had made their positions clear.

SERVICE CHIEFS TOGETHER Saluting at the War Memorial in Algiers are General Salan (in foreground second from left, wearing kepi), C.-in-C., Algeria; the paratroop General Massu (beret), the Commander of the Algiers Military Region; and, immediately on his left, Admiral Auboyneau (in white uniform), French Naval C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean. They were attending the ceremony at the War Memorial in honour of three French soldiers taken prisoner and shot by the Algerian Nationalists. The War Memorial ceremony took place on the evening of the day on which strikes were followed by riots against M. Pflimlin's candidature for the office of Prime Minister. General Massu was the first military leader to be identified with the opposition in Algeria to the Paris authorities.

On left—

"VIVE LA FRANCE! VIVE DE GAULLE!" M. Soustelle speaks from a balcony in Algiers with General Salan on the far side of the microphone. The Right Wing leader told his vast gathering of listeners: "I have chosen liberty and the Fatherland at the same time. I have come to place myself at the service of French Algeria, which has just given a magnificent example. . . . I have no other ambition than to remake national unity on both shores of the Mediterranean. Long live the Republic! Long live French Algeria! Long live France! Long live de Gaulle!"

ALGIERS FOR DE GAULLE

Muslims Join the Demonstrations Organised by the Committee of Public Safety

RALLYING TO SUPPORT SOUSTELLE: A dense throng crowds the square outside Government House in Algiers to acclaim the arrival of M. Soustelle. Tricolours and banners of the Committee of Public Safety were carried by the demonstrators, who included Muslims in their ranks.

ARAB GIRLS PROCLAIM THEIR LOYALTY: They march in the procession with the Algerian French. Also in the demonstration were older Muslim women, some having removed their veils as a gesture of emancipation.

"NO TO MOSCOW, NO TO NASSER": Such is the slogan leading this group of Arabs. Much was made by the French Algerians of the support given them by Muslims. But the Arab demonstrators could only represent a very small proportion of the country's 8,500,000 Muslims.

(*Further pictures on pages 282-83*)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

RIOTING IN BEIRUT: Office furniture ransacked from a nearby building blazes in a street in the capital of Lebanon during the riots there last week. There was bitter street fighting in Tripoli at the beginning of this week. At least 100 people were reported killed in riots throughout the country.

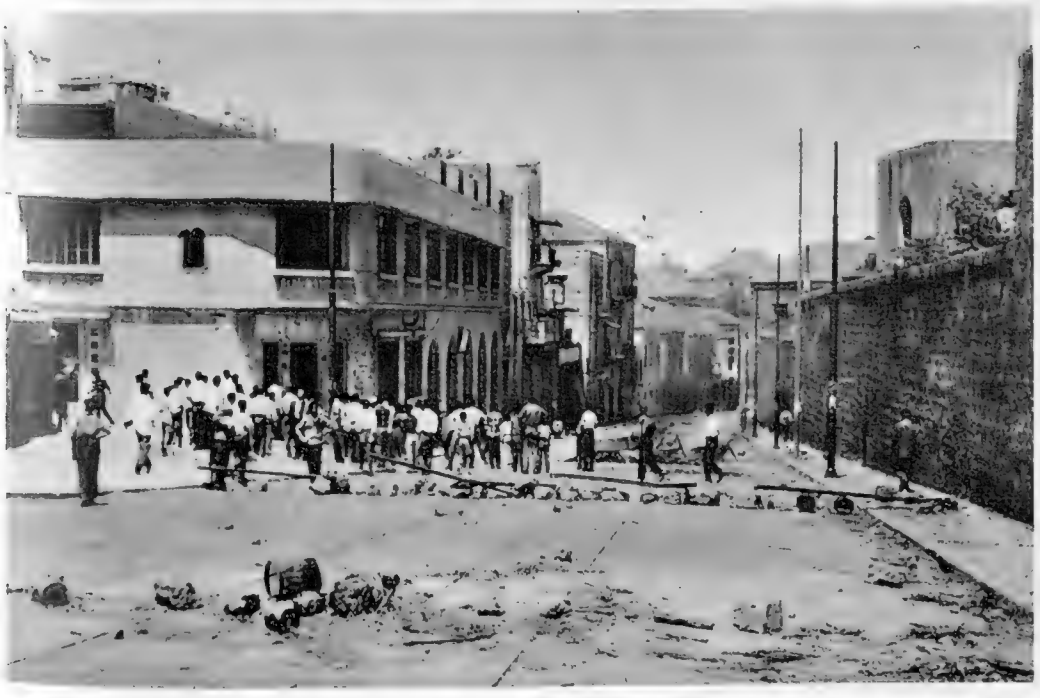
The international political atmosphere has been thick with charges and counter-charges of intervention in the riots in Lebanon. While efforts were being made to bring the Government and Opposition closer together and appeals were made to President Chamoun not to seek re-election when his term of office expires this summer, Soviet accusations blamed the United States, Britain and France for the situation in Lebanon. The Soviet news agency, Tass, in a formal statement, claimed the Western Powers were preparing a " new plot in the Near East " and Western attempts to interfere were being made under the false pretext that the mass demonstrations were inspired by the United Arab Republic. A spokesman for the British Foreign Office retorted that it was " remarkable that Tass should have contrived a statement on the Lebanon which avoids all mention of the Press conference at which the Lebanese Foreign Minister publicly accused another power (the United Arab Republic) of ' massive interference ' in the internal affairs of Lebanon."

Over the week-end the United States sent a fleet of troop-carrying aircraft to West Germany for " possible use " in evacuating American citizens from the Lebanon. The United States has agreed to send the light tanks which the Lebanese Government has asked for. British warships taking part in NATO Fleet Exercises are operating in the East Mediterranean instead of the West in case it should prove necessary to evacuate British Nationals from Lebanon.

(Further pictures on page 279.)

THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE LEBANON: Mr. Sohl (right) walks through the streets of Beirut. Owing to illness he had only recently been able to leave his house. The riots have been aimed against President Chamoun.

IN THE MUSLIM QUARTER: Youths dig a trench across one of Beirut's streets. On the left is a road-block of loose bricks. Rioting has been centred in the Muslim quarters of Beirut and Tripoli.



BURNING TYRES BLOCK A CROSS-ROADS IN BEIRUT: Although the streets became quiet early this week, they were still battle-scarred. *On left*—Tramcar rails and stones block one of the streets.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE TRADITIONAL SETTING FOR THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: Windsor Castle dominates the scene during judging of the Trade and Agriculture Light Turn-out on the first day of the three-day horse show. The event was divided into two sections—Light and Heavy Vanners—and the winners were John Broad's Craigwell Ballochmyle and Young and Company's Wandle Melbourne. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret visited the Show during an evening session and watched the floodlit musical ride of the Household Cavalry. They also saw the hack championship won by Miss M. W. de Beaumont's grey Juniper. The Queen and Princess Margaret were also present on the last day when Her Majesty presented her Challenge Cup for the Services' Team Jumping Competition to the Household Cavalry Training Squadron team. It was the team's second win in succession. In the Open Jumping the first two places were won by Alan Oliver on Red Admiral and Planet.

On right—

FAREWELL RECEPTION: President Nasser listens to Mr. Khrushchev at a farewell reception in Moscow. The former had completed his eighteen-day visit to Russia. Before the reception, President Nasser spent two hours with Mr. Khrushchev and other Soviet leaders discussing future relations between the United Arab Republic and the Soviet Union. On his return to Cairo, President Nasser was greeted by cheering crowds from Almaza Airport to the grounds of the Presidency. There, he referred to events in Lebanon, denying emphatically the Lebanese charges that the United Arab Republic was behind the riots and demonstrations in the country.

PRESIDENT NASSER RETURNS FROM MOSCOW TO CAIRO: He is greeted at Almaza Airport by Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, the Egyptian War Minister. At a date yet to be fixed Mr. Khrushchev, President Voroshilov and other Soviet leaders are to visit the United Arab Republic.

THE UNITED STATES VICE-PRESIDENT'S CAR DAMAGED IN CARACAS: The shattered windows of Mr. Nixon's car which were smashed during the drive into the city from Caracas Airport. ***On left*****—**Student demonstrators surround the leading car carrying the Vice-President. The mob attacked the car with stones and sticks when it was brought to a standstill by a traffic jam. After Vice-President Nixon's party was mobbed, American troops were flown to bases in the Caribbean as a precautionary measure. The demonstration in Caracas was the culmination of a number of indignities suffered by Mr. Nixon during his "goodwill" tour of Latin-American countries. Despite a triumphant "welcome home," there was realisation in Washington that Mr. Nixon's trip had not been a success for United States policy south of the border.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

RIOTS IN LEBANON: A portrait of Nasser grins broadly above a street in which paving-stones had been torn up during the series of outbreaks of violence in Beirut last week. Many were killed or injured in the riots there and in Tripoli. Disorder began after the murder of a left-wing newspaper editor, but it soon became clear that the Opposition were using this as a pretext for violence against President Chamoun to prevent him standing for re-election next September. They are reported to have received active help from the United Arab Republic. Beirut alleged Syrians were infiltrating over the border.

ON PATROL IN A CRITICAL AREA IN THE MIDDLE EAST : An armoured vehicle moves through Tripoli, in Lebanon. The Army, which is generally regarded as holding the key to the political future of the country, is largely composed of Christians. The rioters in Tripoli and elsewhere were for the most part Muslims. Nasser and the U.A.R. have been posing as their champions. The Lebanese Government last week made strong protests against Nasser's "interference." At the same time the State Department in Washington announced sympathy for the "duly constituted Government of Lebanon."

THE IRAQ-JORDAN FEDERATION : King Hussein of Jordan (left) and King Feisal of Iraq salute on the dais at Bagdad Airport. The former had arrived for discussions on the Arab Federation.

On left—

A POSSIBLE PARTNER: The Emir Abdullah al Sabah of Kuwait (centre) sits in Bagdad with the Crown Prince Abdul Ilah (right), uncle of King Feisal of Iraq and heir to the throne. The sheikh of the wealthy oil region of Kuwait had come to the Iraqi capital at the same time as King Hussein of Jordan. It was known that the two rulers of the countries forming the Arab Federation had issued a standing invitation to the Sheikh to join them in the Federal bloc which is the rival attraction in the Arab world to Colonel Nasser's United Arab Republic. The Head of State of the Iraq-Jordan Federation is King Feisal. Towards the end of last week it was reported that Nuri-es-Said, the Iraqi Prime Minister, was to become the first Prime Minister of the amalgamation. Regarding the crisis in Lebanon, King Hussein had sent a message of support to President Chamoun, and this was taken to reflect the views of the Federation.

THE CONCLUSION OF MR. GOMULKA'S VISIT TO BUDAPEST: The Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party (left) signs the agreed Polish-Hungarian communiqué at the end of his stay in the Hungarian capital. Mr. Kadar, the Secretary-General of the Hungarian Communists, is also signing a copy of the document. While he was in Hungary, Mr. Gomulka made a public statement in support of the Russian intervention in Hungary in 1956 which put down the freedom uprising of the Magyars. But in Hungary as well as in Rumania and Bulgaria, which he also visited, Mr. Gomulka was careful to make no mention of the "leading role" Mr. Khrushchev is so anxious for the satellites to attribute to him.

SEEKING A SOLUTION IN ANOTHER MIDDLE EAST DISPUTE : Dr. Ralph Bunche (left), the Under-Secretary of the United Nations, talks with Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Israeli Prime Minister, in Tel Aviv. Dr. Bunche was on a special mission to discuss the controversy over the Mount Scopus demilitarised zone in Jerusalem. On the previous day he had been in Amman and had conversations with the Jordanian Foreign Minister. Although Mount Scopus has for long been a bone of contention between the two countries, attention was distracted from it by the Lebanon disturbances. Israel was reported to be viewing developments there with particular interest although all was quiet on the frontier.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

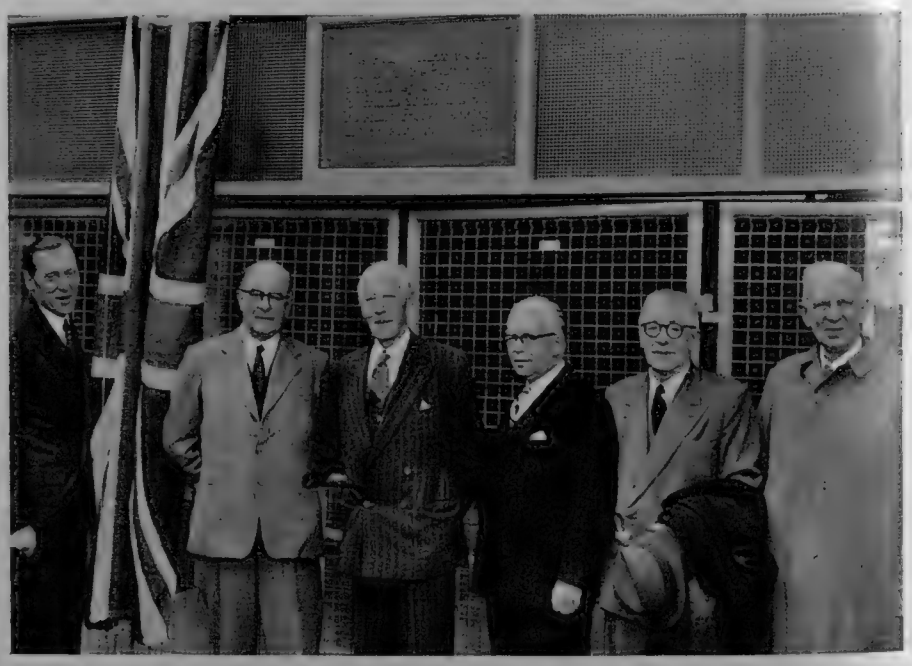
THE END OF REBEL RESISTANCE IN SUMATRA : *Left*—Indonesian Central Government forces halt by the Anai waterfall in Central Sumatra, during their drive towards the rebel capital of Bukittinggi. *Right*—Government soldiers lean against their truck outside the former home of Colonel Hussein, the military leader of the rebels, in the jungle at Alahanpandjang. With the fall of Bukittinggi, announced in Jakarta on May 5, rebel resistance in Sumatra ended. Colonel Hussein and the other rebel leaders disappeared into the jungle. The Government forces were switched to East Indonesia, from which rebel aircraft were continuing their bombing raids. The Government chose first to land on Halmahera Island, east of Celebes, where violent fighting was reported towards the end of last week. In Jakarta, Government spokesmen again alleged that Filipino and Nationalist China volunteers were serving on the rebel side.

On right—

ARAB GIRL TO MARRY GLUBB PASHA'S SON: Molly Susan Issi is seen in the living-room of her parents' home in Amman, Jordan, after reports of her engagement to Godfrey Glubb, the Oxford undergraduate son of Lieut.-General Sir John Bagot Glubb, the former Chief of the Arab Legion. It is understood that the marriage will take place in two years' time when Mr. Glubb leaves the University. He hopes to carry on the work of his father among the Arab people.

MUSSOLINI'S GRANDSON A CANDIDATE IN THE ITALIAN GENERAL ELECTION : Fabrizio Ciano, the twenty-four-year-old grandson of Benito Mussolini, the Fascist Dictator, and son of Galeazzo Ciano, the Fascist Foreign Minister, and Edda, the Duce's daughter, is seen among the crowd watching a game of football in Rome. Young Ciano is on the list of candidates who are seeking election to Parliament for the Neo-Fascist (MSI) party in this month's general election. Polling takes place to-morrow (May 25). His father was executed for treason by the Fascists at Verona in 1944, the sentence of death being signed by his father-in-law, the Duce.

GREEK RADICALS BACK IN POWER : Mr. Karamanlis, the former Greek Premier whose Government resigned in March, is warmly received on arrival at a polling-station in Athens during the Greek General Election. The National Radical Union, of which he is the leader, was returned to power. It is expected there will be 173 Radical Deputies out of 300 in the new Parliament. The Communist-backed Union of Left-Wing Democrats becomes the major Opposition party, with 78 seats as against 18. It received 24 per cent. of the vote, compared with 10 per cent. previously.



COMMEMORATING THE PLUTO PIPELINE : A view of the plaque at Shanklin, Isle of Wight, which was unveiled by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Minister of Education and wartime Minister of Petroleum, to commemorate the laying of the Pluto oil pipeline. Pipe Line Under The Ocean was laid under the English Channel and on into France and Belgium, to supply petrol to the Allied forces in the invasion of Europe in 1944. From left to right are : Mr. Lloyd, Captain J. F. Hutchings, Commander of Naval "Force Pluto"; Sir Donald Banks, wartime Director-General of Petroleum Warfare ; Mr. A. C. Hartley, chief engineer of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (now the B.P. Company) ; Mr. B. J. Ellis, chief oilfield engineer of the Burma Oilfield Company ; and Mr. H. A. Hammick, the chief engineer of the Iraq Petroleum Company.

World Affairs

CANADA — THE AWAKENED GIANT

By JOHN CONNELL

THE summer-time is Parliament-time in Canada. Canada's climate and Canada's distances have dictated the rhythm of political life for her people. The twenty-fourth Parliament in her history was opened, with all the appropriate pomp and ceremony, by the Governor-General, Mr. Vincent Massey, on May 12. The effects of one of the major shifts or turn-overs in the history of British-type Parliamentary democracy then became fully apparent. In the General Election last March there was a landslide, in favour of the Progressive Conservatives led by Mr. Diefenbaker, comparable to that which in the United Kingdom in 1905-6 swept Mr. Balfour and the Unionists from power and brought in the Liberals, who were to remain in power for eleven momentous years. The consequences of the Conservatives' victory in Canada may be no less important than those of that historic election.

Mr. Diefenbaker holds 208 seats in the House of Commons out of a total of 265. The Liberals, who a year ago looked as if they were firmly entrenched after twenty-two years of uninterrupted office, are reduced to a sad little rump—the victims of their own misjudgment of their country's temper and outlook. There is not a single representative of Social Credit in the new House; the numbers of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which is analogous, roughly, to the British Labour Party, have been reduced to eight, and they have been deprived of their distinguished and respected leader, Mr. M. J. Coldwell.

The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Lester Pearson, formerly Minister of External Affairs, musters a following of forty-nine with a handful of his former colleagues on the Front Bench alongside him. Mike Pearson, in the international arena, is a statesman of the highest calibre. In the internal politics of his country, what has brought him and his Party to this low ebb?

One of his major mistakes was that he took Mr. St. Laurent, his former Prime Minister and leader, a little too literally at his word. Louis St. Laurent, since the Conservatives' first narrow victory last year, has been in a kind of Gladstonian retirement; he has been off—but only just off—the field of battle, his tent pitched well within hearing distance, and himself ready to charge gallantly and sagaciously back if summoned. But nobody summoned him. So he wintered in Florida, and when the new election happened went on wintering in Florida, and sent a distinctly tepid letter of approval home to his successors during the campaign.

This was noted by their political opponents no less than by their friends and supporters. Even the *Toronto Telegram*, which normally expounds a rich and crusted type of Ontario Toryism, suitable to a city in which the Orange Order flourishes almost as it does in Belfast, headed a leader with the words, "Mr. St. Laurent is missed," and pointed out—not perhaps in markedly kindly tones—that Mr. Pearson was having to woo the Quebec voters "without a Quebec lieutenant of the eminence of a Laurier, a Lapointe or a St. Laurent." As a result, Quebec, traditionally a massive Liberal stronghold, felt the swing as much as any other Province.

There is another factor to be mentioned. Politics in Canada retain a moral tinge. Canada, Protestant and Catholic, is a country of churchgoers; a Sunday morning in a Canadian city resembles a Sunday morning in the Edinburgh of my boyhood. Discussion of and controversy about religion and ethics are not confined to a minority; they interpenetrate Canadian national life at all levels, and they continuously and persistently affect legislation. In such an atmosphere the Liberals' challenging cry during the turbulent pipeline debate in Ottawa in 1956, "Who is to stop us?", had a dire flavour of *hubris* about it. The defeat in March was its Nemesis.

Mr. Diefenbaker and his colleagues face a series of formidable tasks. They have now had almost a year in which to accustom themselves to the routine of authority and administration to which, without exception, they had been by force of circumstances complete strangers. They now know their way about on Parliament Hill and in its environs. They continue to give an impression of energy and resourcefulness. The "unknown" John G. Diefenbaker of a twelve-month ago now moves with ease and assuredness through the tangle of world issues and domestic problems with which he is confronted.

It is not just a politician's platitude to say that Canada is a country of the future—indeed, *the* country of the future, so far as North America and the Commonwealth are concerned—it is a simple, necessary statement of truth. As a nation Canada resembles a big, lanky youth who has drowsed and gangled through a long, slow adolescence, and now stands stretching himself, yawning and rubbing his eyes, on the threshold of manhood. Canada has been acutely self-conscious for a long time past, as shy and pimply boys are self-conscious; now self-comprehension is developing fast. Canadians are discovering for themselves what their country is about and whither their country is going.

The spiritual differences between Canada and her mighty southern neighbour are numerous and profound. They are often blurred-over nowadays by the ease, rapidity and frequency of every kind of communication across the long, unguarded frontier. But there is one fundamental difference which it is impossible to disregard: the faith and purpose of the United States are rooted in a rejection of European connections, and the faith and purpose of Canada are rooted in a judicious acceptance and maintenance of those connections. The people of Canada, of deliberate and oft-repeated choice, from the eighteenth century onwards, have refused to cut themselves off from their ancient associations.

In their beginnings an uneasy union of two racial groups, differing from one another in language, religion, temperament and outlook, the people of Canada have knit, and are still slowly knitting themselves into a single nation. But from the first snowbound skirmishes around the walls of Quebec, when French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians joined to show the invaders from the United States what in truth they held in common, there has been no wavering on this issue. Canada is a Monarchy, within the Commonwealth, of her own free choice.

AFTER THE LANDSLIDE: Mr. Diefenbaker, whose Party, the Progressive Conservatives, gained an overwhelming majority after the General Election in March, addresses the Canadian House of Commons. The Progressive Conservative Party now hold 208 seats out of a grand total of 265 in the House of Commons.

The Americans have come peacefully to accept this proposition, and from their own point of view, to get along with it as best they can; but they are still puzzled—and not a little hurt—by it. Canada's developing economy could be (and rather too effectively has been) harnessed to that of the United States, but why—Americans have never ceased asking themselves—this "foreignness," this basic political difference, these un-American attitudes, if not activities?

A certain degree of tension, therefore, between the two countries is inevitable (perhaps healthy), but it varies in intensity. A year or two ago, when the then Canadian Ambassador in Cairo, Mr. Herbert Norman, leaped to his tragic and unnecessary death, the tension was at its most severe. I knew, I admired and respected Norman. He was one of the ablest officials in Canada's ablest Ministry, that of External Affairs. He was one of his country's greatest experts on the Far East. Because he had at one time had a brief connection with the American Institute of Pacific Relations—an organisation to which Senator McCarthy in his heyday took growling exception—a monstrous smear campaign against him was waged across the border. Mr. Pearson, who was Mr. Norman's political chief, fought doughtily and unsparingly on his behalf; but catastrophe could not be averted. Norman was the noblest of McCarthy's victims.

The injury done to Canadian relations with the United States—not least by the U.S. State Department's wobbly and cowardly handling of the whole issue—was grave. That by now there is so little residue of bad feeling is a remarkable and profoundly encouraging fact. The major part of the credit for the steady improvement in Americo-Canadian relations in the past year or so is due, without doubt, to one man, and that a Canadian, Mr. Norman Robertson, his country's present Ambassador in Washington.

Norman Robertson, who, like Vincent Massey and like Mike Pearson, was his country's High Commissioner in London (he was here for two spells, 1946-49 and 1952-57), is a career Civil Servant, a Rhodes Scholar whose Oxford years were spent in Balliol. Like other Ambassadors of British stock before him in Washington—certainly like Bryce, Lothian and Halifax, to mention only three—Norman Robertson has no obvious qualities to recommend him immediately to Americans. He is shy, quiet and scholarly. The light which his personality casts has no meretricious glitter in it; it is the cool, tranquil beam of complete, selfless integrity. In 1956 Robertson and I differed sharply and deeply over Suez; our argument over this issue went as near the bone as any I had at that distressing and soul-searching time; but even in total disagreement with him I knew that I respected and liked him as much as I had always done.

Herbert Norman and Norman Robertson, in their profoundly different ways, are to me representative of the Canada that I know, love and—with all my heart—wish well. Canada possesses in abundance the quality which this country had a century ago—a vigorous, forward-looking self-confidence, an unshakeable trust in itself and in its own destiny. Perhaps it is a quality of youth. Perhaps that gives it its especial attractiveness. Perhaps we see mirrored in Canadians what we ourselves once were. And perhaps we realise, more by instinct than by any intellectual process, that they are the people to whom we are bound—by some mysterious process which defies analysis—to transmit our heritage and our hope. Is that why Ottawa stirs someone like myself in a fashion and to a degree that (try as I may, and with all respect) I have never experienced in Delhi, Colombo or Karachi? It is better, I believe, to say these things openly.

Canada's place in our still-developing pattern of civilisation is, I think, unique. As Vincent Massey himself has phrased it: "Canada achieved freedom for herself and in finding it quite unconsciously played a vital part in the creation of what came to be known as the British Commonwealth. We often forget our relation to that monumental conception which has given the world so great a pattern of political liberty. Canada was the laboratory in which this discovery took place." The doors of the laboratory are—and have long been—wide open; and that is Canada's glory.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY IN ALGIERS: General Massu (on right, in paratroop uniform), the local commander in Algiers, explains at a Press Conference the purpose of the Public Safety Committee which he had formed.

AFTER AN ANTI-AMERICAN DEMONSTRATION: Paratroops stand guard near the United State Information Services centre in Algiers. Angry French demonstrators had broken in and sacked the building, tearing up books and magazines and hurling them into the street.

THE ASSAULT ON THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN ALGIERS : Tear-gas bombs have been thrown by police and security forces in an effort to prevent the mob entering the headquarters of the Government. But the crowd broke through the gates and started pillaging files and documents. Eventually General Massu appeared and declared : "The Army is one with you."

FRANCE IN FERMENT

Scenes of Violence in Algeria and Paris at the Start of the Army Revolt

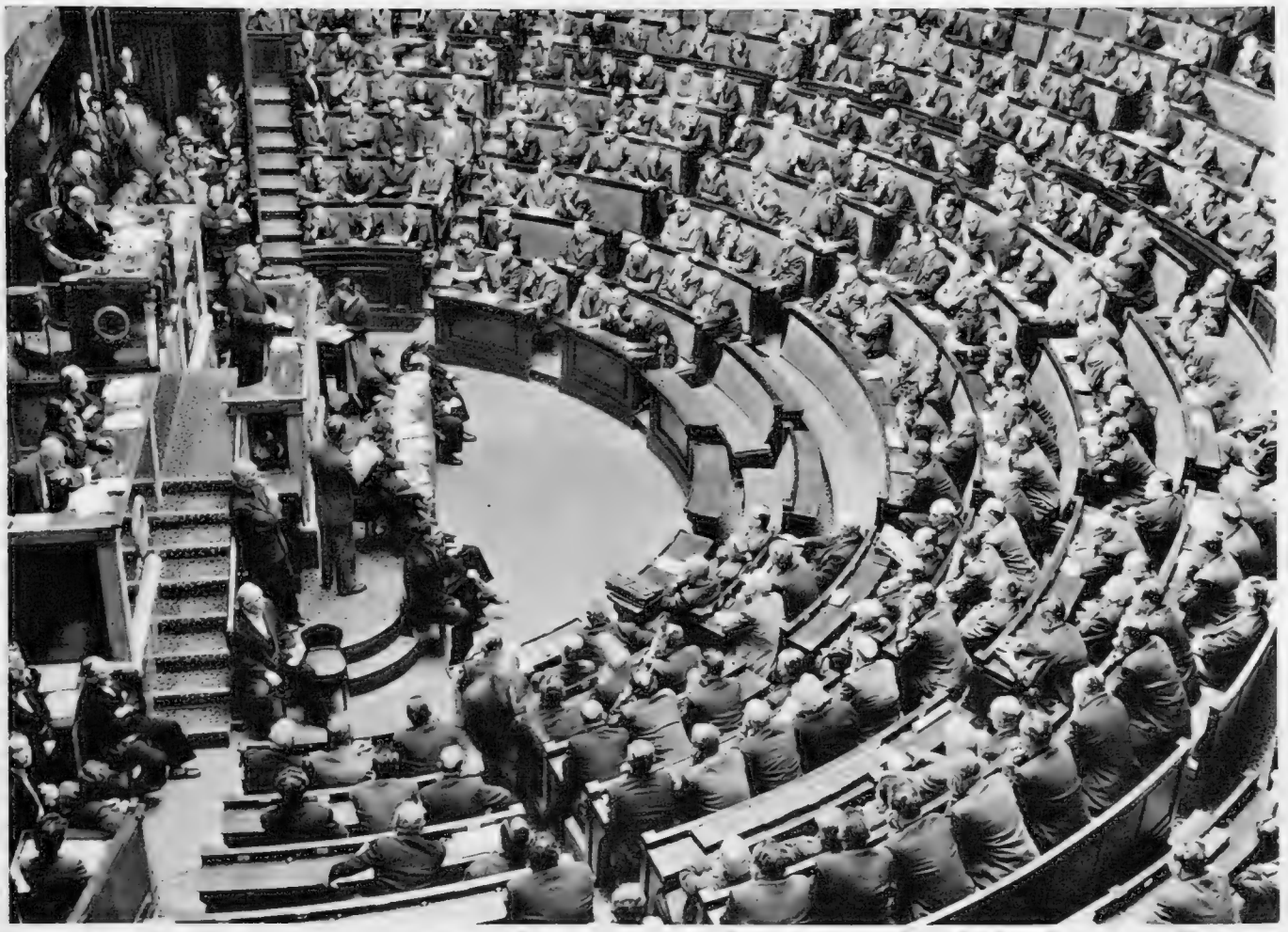
When M. Pflimlin accepted President Coty's request to form a Government and appeared likely to be able to carry out this undertaking there were ominous rumblings from Algeria. M. Pflimlin, leader of the M.R.P., a party of the centre, was regarded as too moderate by the French in Algeria. On Tuesday of last week, the day on which M. Pflimlin was to seek the confidence of the Assembly, a strike of protest against him was staged in Algiers. This led to riots and violence, culminating in the formation of a Committee of Public Safety under General Massu, the local military commander. They demanded a Government of National Unity must be formed under General de Gaulle. Other Algerian towns followed this lead. The attitude of General Salan, the Commander-in-Chief, was not at this time clear. Meanwhile in Paris, M. Pflimlin had received his vote of confidence (largely through Communist abstention) and begun counter-measures. President Coty appealed to all troops to obey only Paris; in Metropolitan France all garrisons were confined to barracks: M. Mollet and the Socialists came out fully for M. Pflimlin. Right-Wing organisations began wild riots in the capital. Then on Thursday of last week, de Gaulle, hitherto silent, issued a statement that he was "ready to serve." M. Pflimlin declared a state of emergency and summoned the Assembly to ratify his action on Friday morning.

"ALGERIA IS FRENCH" : Paratroops march over the paper-strewn square in front of the Government building. The riots and the Army coup were expressions of violent opposition to M. Pflimlin in Paris and demonstrations of extremist French nationalist feelings.

THE MOB RUNS RIOT: A car is overturned in a square in Algiers. The police and the military were reported to have made little attempt to interfere with the crowds of thousands of men and women until the attack on the Government headquarters

A KEY FIGURE: General de Gaulle drives in Paris. His statement that he was "ready to serve" worsened the crisis.

ADVOCATE OF STRONG POLICY: M. Soustelle, one-time "strong" man in Algiers, left Paris last week-end to join General Massu in Algiers.



"ON THE EDGE OF CIVIL WAR": M. Pflimlin addresses a tense National Assembly in Paris during the speech which led to him being elected Prime Minister. He gained the confidence of the Deputies by 274 votes to 129—with the 135 Communist members abstaining. M. Pflimlin called for unity to prevent civil war over Algeria.

DISORDER SPREADS: A gang of youths climb up the front of the Prefecture in Oran. In the right-hand corner of the picture an armoured vehicle of the French Army appears to be taking no action to stop this assault. Twenty-four hours after Algiers had proclaimed a Committee of Public Safety, a similar organisation was reported from Oran.

"THROW THE DEPUTIES IN THE SEINE": With such slogans as these, ex-servicemen surge along the Champs Elysees in Paris. However, firm action by the police caused these demonstrators to retire.

On right—

IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: Helmeted police in the famous square in Central Paris go into action against the vast crowds demonstrating against M. Pflimlin and in favour of a strong policy in Algeria.

THE WORST RIOTS IN PARIS FOR SIX YEARS: Police scuffle on the ground with a demonstrator while the crowd attempts to rush on. Riots on the scale seen last week had not occurred in Paris since 1952.

THE STEEPLE-LOVING DAW

A Commentary on the Jackdaw, an Easily Tamed but Mischievous Member of the Crow Family

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

There is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

THUS wrote William Cowper—quite rightly. Jackdaws are great frequenters of church towers and steeples, of castles and ruined buildings and of village chimneys. But this habit of nesting in dark places, in holes in buildings or hollow trees, in crevices in cliffs, is a fairly new one—in terms of avian time—because hole-nesting birds almost always lay white eggs (or white eggs very sparsely marked) and the jackdaw lays a bluegreen egg heavily spotted and blotched—an egg that would be ideally suited to an open nest in a tree. A few jackdaws do still build conventional nests in trees, though I have never seen one.

However, the poet's " steeple-loving daw " is an apt description. The jackdaw has taken to churches and other buildings in a big way. It is a bird that likes company and sometimes you find really big gatherings in such situations. The largest company of jackdaws I have ever seen—I expect it is still there, but it is some years since I last visited the place—was on and around the Bishop's Palace at St. David's, in west Wales. The old grey walls seemed to be alive with them, and on approach they would rise and circle round and then settle again. The air was filled with their protests or welcomes—mainly the latter, for I am sure that the jackdaw nests in such places because it is fond of the company of human beings. Not that it really likes us for ourselves alone but more so for what we represent, which is food. Jackdaws are great frequenters of church towers and steeples because, where there is a church, there also will be human beings, their animals and food, an easy living for the pecking.

But this does not explain why the jackdaw should have taken to nesting in hollow trees, when these are far from human habitations, and to nesting, as is very common, in clefts on cliff faces. It is a much simpler matter just to lay an egg in a hole than to build a nest—and most hole-nesters do not trouble to build a nest at all—so it might be thought that jackdaws have taken to nesting in holes because it saves them trouble: that they have taken the easy way out. This certainly is not the answer. The jackdaw still builds a nest, generally making a pretty clumsy job of it. It just drops sticks into the hole—sometimes there is an enormous pile of sticks—and then fashions a very comfortable bed of hair and wool on the top of them. If jackdaws had been nesting in holes for very long, they would surely have learnt to do away with the sticks. So far from that, they have not even learnt how to get a stick into a hole. They still pick up sticks in the middle, so that they are held at right-angles to their bodies, and try to thrust them through the hole—an almost impossible feat. Sooner or later they drop the stick and go off to look for another, not thinking to pick up the one they have dropped. You can generally tell where jackdaws are nesting because the ground below is strewn with wasted sticks. Nest-building in holes must be a very tiring job for a jackdaw.

FEEDING-TIME FOR THE YOUNG JACKDAWS : The parent jackdaw stands by the youngsters, who are clamouring for more food. *On right*—An amusing study of the three daws perched on a rafter. Jackdaws are commonly found about castles and church towers where they build their nests in holes in the masonry. They may be recognised by their greyish neck, white eye and small beak. Both pictures were taken by Eric Hosking.

Cliff-dwelling jackdaws (though no more intelligent about their nest-building) have, it has always seemed to me, rather different habits from those of their more sophisticated cousins. They are much less dependent on the wasteful ways of man and his domestic animals. Certainly they are much more wary. They are more consistently " grazing " birds, foraging the neighbouring grasslands and ploughlands (but with a distinct preference for grassland), often in company with rooks. Buildings appear to be ignored even when these are available and would appear to be suitable in every way. I do not know all the cliff-dwelling jackdaws of Britain, but I know of two coastal cliff colonies and one inland cliff colony. There are villages within a few hundred yards of all three. All have churches and one also has a considerable ruin. But neither the churches, the ruin, nor any of the village chimneys are occupied by jackdaws, and have not been within living memory. It would seem that jackdaws born in a cleft in a cliff do not consider the possibility of living anywhere else.

From my own observation, cliff-dwelling jackdaws appear much more accomplished masters of flight than are church-dwelling jackdaws. The normal flight of the jackdaw, no matter where it lives, is rather pigeon-like, with quick wing-beats. It is a faster flight than that of the rook, and the wing-beats are much quicker. But cliff-dwelling jackdaws are accomplished gliders and soarers. They have not the mastery of the gulls nor, indeed, of the raven—but then, they have not the wing-span either—but they are certainly no mean performers. Like ravens, they play with the wind. Gulls never do this. Life for them is a serious business, a ceaseless search for food. They will glide effortlessly along a cliff-face for hours on end, but they do not play with the wind: they use it. It is a tool, not a plaything. But jackdaws play with the wind for fun and sheer enjoyment, performing the most astonishing aerial acrobatics, swerves and dives and twisting turns: sometimes in disciplined company like waders—I have seen a huge flock of jackdaws explode from a cliff-face in north Wales, as does a flock of starlings from a copse, and do this—but more often in pairs and small parties. Indeed, one of the most attractive things about the jackdaw is its intense attachment to its mate. Even when feeding in flocks, you can pick out the pairs.

Jackdaws used to live in our church tower. They had done so for a great many years, but about ten years ago they mysteriously disappeared. Now the tower is occupied by pigeons. But there are still jackdaws in plenty in the neighbourhood. It has been fashionable for as long as anyone can remember for children to have a tame jackdaw. It is no uncommon thing—though it has never, unfortunately, happened to me—when going along a road, especially on a bicycle, to have a jackdaw swoop down from a tree and alight on your shoulder. I know a number of people to whom this happened, and I have more than once been paid a visit by some small boy or girl accompanied by a jackdaw sitting perfectly happily on his or her shoulder. These birds are never clipped, and sooner or later they depart, to be succeeded the following year by another. Nowadays, I regret to say, the budgerigar is ousting the jackdaw, and soon, I suppose, the custom will die out.

Until this year the local jackdaws have ignored my garden. A pair began to visit it towards the end of February and were more or less daily visitors until the third week in April. I have not seen them since (presumably they are nesting) but I am hoping they will bring their young ones to visit me. To begin with, both birds were rather shy, though one much more so than the other. One would fly away as soon as I appeared, and the other, after a moment's hesitation, would then follow. Perhaps this was because one had had contact with the local children in its youth. Anyhow, this shyness soon disappeared and they would march jauntily about the garden, intensely inquisitive about everything, quite unperturbed by human presence but always keeping a few yards away. Their jaunty walk, curiosity and sharp, light eyes were quite fascinating.

My dog did not approve. He has never before taken the slightest notice of a bird. But these two marching about the garden—his garden—made him quite jealous. He would run at them, making a series of comical short " gruffs," as much as to say, " Go on, get out ! ", and the birds would hop up on to the fence and stare down at him, undismayed and, I think, rather amused. The dog would then walk away with as much dignity as he could summon up, his hindquarters saying as plainly as could be: " One day I 'll run a bit quicker, and then you 'll see whose garden this is." The jackdaws, unconcerned, would hop down again.

They brought Cowper to mind once more:

He sees that this great roundabout—
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physics, law,
Its customs, and its businesses—
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he ? Caw.

STATE DRIVE THROUGH LONDON : The Queen accompanies the President of Italy, Signor Gronchi, as they drive from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace at the start of the President's three-day State visit. At this point the carriage procession is rounding the Victoria Memorial in the Mall. The President and Signora Gronchi had been welcomed by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family, as well as by the Prime Minister and many officials.

ITALY'S PRESIDENT IN LONDON

Signor Gronchi and His Wife are the Guests of the Queen

The three-day State visit to England of Signor Giovanni Gronchi and Signora Gronchi was the first by an Italian Head of State since 1924. The President and his wife travelled from Calais on board the frigate H.M.S. *Grenville* and were met at Dover by the Duke of Gloucester. Hunter aircraft of Fighter Command flew overhead and as the President came ashore salutes were fired and an address of welcome was presented by the Mayor and Corporation of the town. At Victoria Station, in London, the official welcome to the capital was led by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who later accompanied the visitors on a State drive to Buckingham Palace. The Queen rode with the President and the Duke of Gloucester in the first landau and the Duke of Edinburgh and Signora Gronchi followed in the second. Crowds assembled along the processional way and the flags of the two countries were much in evidence. At the end of the State visit the President and his wife went to the Italian Embassy.

On left—

QUEEN AND PRESIDENT : They are driving along Victoria Street after the welcoming ceremony at the station. The Duke of Gloucester accompanied the Queen and Signor Gronchi in the first carriage of the procession.

A VISIT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: Signora Gronchi is accompanied by Professor L. C. Robbins, Chairman of the Trustees of the National Gallery, as she enters the Gallery in Trafalgar Square. At the time of her visit to the Gallery her husband, the President, was receiving the High Commissioners for the Commonwealth countries and members of the Diplomatic Corps at Buckingham Palace.

DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY OF LONDON: The carriage procession conveying the President and Signora Gronchi from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall crosses Ludgate Circus at the junction of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill. They are escorted by the Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry. Contingents of the three services lined the processional route through the city.

Italy's President in London

THE CITY'S WELCOME

THE PRESIDENT OF ITALY IS THE GUEST OF THE LORD MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON : In the Library of Guildhall, Signor Gronchi speaks in reply to the Address of Welcome read by the Recorder, Sir Gerald Dodson (partly hidden behind the President). The Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott, who had subsequently presented the Address in a silver casket, is sitting on the left of the President. Signora Gronchi is sitting on the left of Sir Denis. On the table are the sword and mace with the fur cap of the sword-bearer, and behind the Lord Mayor and the guest of honour stand Pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company. The Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, who had accompanied the President and his wife in their carriage, is sitting with the Countess of Leicester, a member of the British Suite in attendance on the President. Standing in the background are representatives of the Commonwealth and members of the Italian Suite. On arrival at Guildhall the President and Signora Gronchi were met by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

ITALY'S PRESIDENT IN LONDON

AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh stand with the President and Signora Gronchi before going into the Palace for luncheon. After the visit to Westminster Abbey in the afternoon the visitors from Italy called on the Queen Mother at Clarence House and remained to tea. A little later, at St. James's Palace, they received Addresses from the Chairman of London County Council and the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Westminster. In the evening came the State Banquet in the white-and-gold ballroom at Buckingham Palace, at which the Queen greeted the President "as the representative of a land and a people who have long occupied a special place in the hearts of the British people."

A SOLEMN MOMENT IN THE THREE-DAY STATE VISIT : *Left*—The President and Signora Gronchi, accompanied by the Dean, Dr. Don, enter Westminster Abbey to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. *Right*—The scene inside the Abbey as the visitors stood at the side of the tomb. Signor Gronchi, a Tuscan, who was born in 1887, is the second President of the Italian Republic, having been elected for a period of seven years in 1955. He succeeded Luigi Einaudi. At the time of his election he was Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies. President Gronchi married Carla Bissantini, of Milan, in 1941, and they have two children, a son and a daughter.

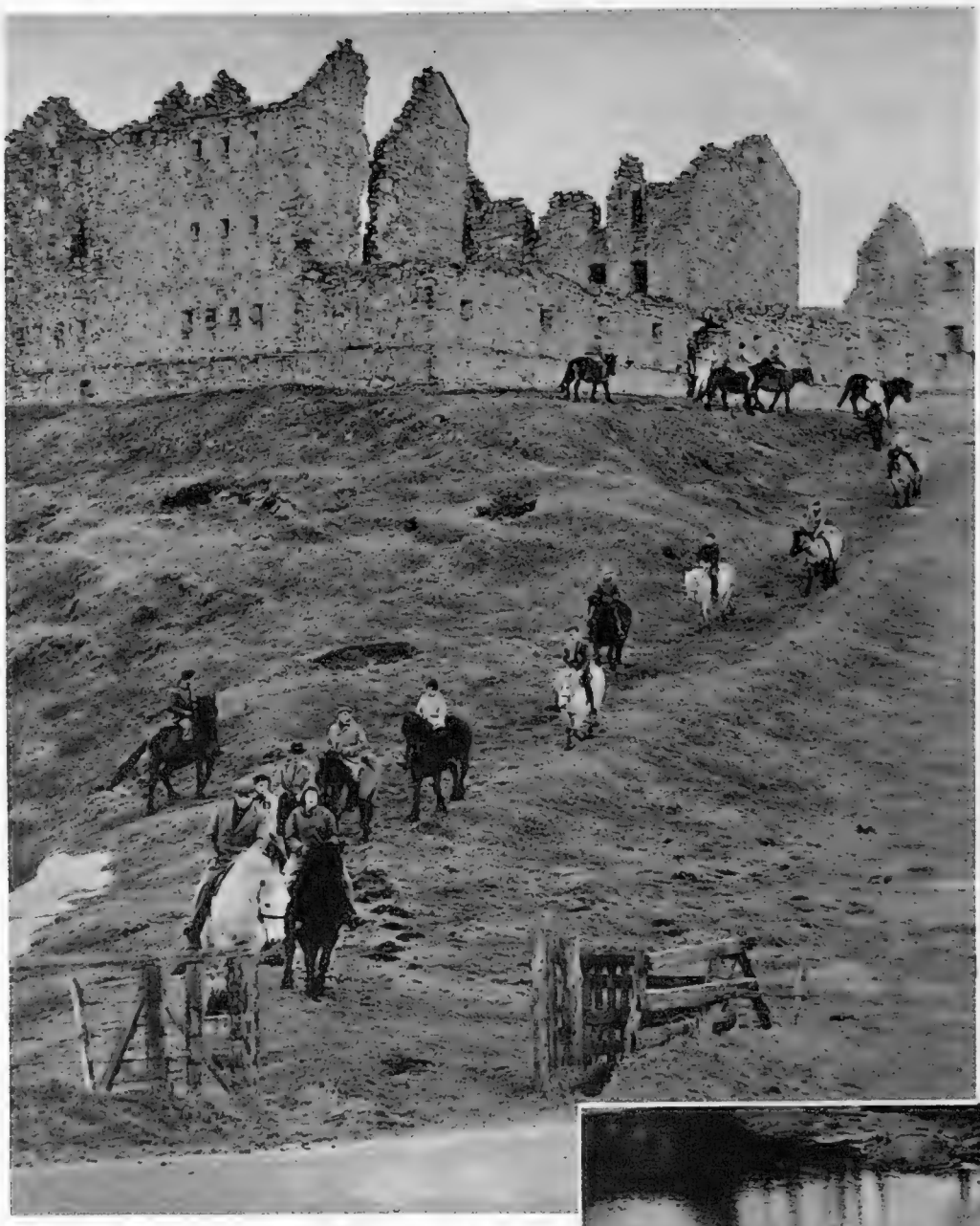
(Further pictures on pages 298-299)

Martial Music

The Massed Bands of the Scots Guards; and the Grenadier Guards Rehearse for their American Tour

Above—**THE MASSED BANDS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS: At the Duke of York's Headquarters in Chelsea, London, for the first time in their history, the complete massed bands of the regiment play together.** In a total of 153, there are the 56 musicians of the Regimental Band, the 47 members of the Massed Drums, and the 46 members of the Massed Pipers, together with three drum majors and a Director of Music. The Regimental Band and the Massed Pipers are going to Brussels in July to represent Great Britain at the International Exhibition.

Below—**REHEARSING FOR THEIR AMERICAN TOUR: With Windsor Castle in the background, the Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards practises in the sunshine in preparation for its visit.** On the extreme left are members of the Massed Pipers of the Scots Guards who will accompany the Grenadier Guards on the tour. Both Scots and Grenadiers will leave for the three-month visit to America in September. They will play in cities throughout the States. The Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards has not been to the States since the war.



PONY-TREKKING IN THE HIGHLANDS : Riders follow a winding route from Newtonmore past the ruins of Ruthven Castle, in Inverness-shire. Pony-trekking is one of the many forms of sports holidays available nowadays in Scotland. The Scottish Council of Physical Recreation has established an organisation which enables visitors from all over the world to share in the sports and pastimes of the country at very moderate cost.

"BY YON BONNIE BANKS" : Canoeists prepare to set out from the shores of Loch Lomond. Training courses in canoeing are now held here by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation and the Scottish Youth Hostels Association. Water ski-ing is another sport which can be enjoyed on Scottish waters. Last year over 20,000 people watched the first-ever Scottish water-ski championships held at Lochearnhead on Loch Earn.

"EXCITING PLAYGROUND"

The Variety of Sports Holidays to be Enjoyed in Scotland

"SCOTLAND is an exciting country offering more opportunities for enjoyment than most countries can boast of." This claim was made in a recent speech by Lord Strathclyde, Minister of State for Scotland. He added: "In the past ten years much has been done—particularly by those who have freely given up their time to teach the sports which they love—to prove that we have within our boundaries the greatest and most exciting playground in Great Britain."

There may still be many people who think that sport in Scotland is only to be found on the moors or in the streams which the wealthy can afford to rent. Such a view is nowadays erroneous. The rich man can still buy himself a monopoly over an area for his guns or his rods. But in fact Scotland offers sports holidays for everyone at extremely moderate cost.

One can fish, ride or sail; one can enjoy such various sports as water ski-ing or bird-watching; one can even learn the pleasures of under-water exploration in the waters of the Clyde; or "fly through the air with the greatest of ease" in a glider. Previous experience in any of these recreations is unnecessary. The widespread organisation of the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation (S.C.P.R.) and the Scottish Tourist Board offers instruction to any beginner.

Fishing in various forms is still probably the most popular of Scottish sports. The rivers and the lochs provide excellent sport. Wherever rivers run trout and salmon are there for the taking and big trout are caught regularly in the moor lochs. Coarse fishing and sea fishing is plentifully available and among those prepared to coach beginners under the S.C.P.R. scheme this year is Mr. Charles MacLaren who recently broke the world salmon fly record by casting 64 yards at the International Tournament at Scarborough.

AN INCREASINGLY POPULAR FORM OF HOLIDAY : Highland ponies carry their riders across the River Spey from Newtonmore. It was there that pony-trekking, as it is known to-day, was first introduced. Each year a growing number of people take their holidays in this way. Riders are divided into groups according to proficiency.

Holidays on horseback are becoming increasingly popular. Pony-trekking, as its name implies, is sight-seeing from the back of a Highland pony, ideally suited for this task. For a week or a fortnight or longer, the visitor can explore the mountains, moors and glens. Most of the trekking centres have programmes for "group" riding, the participants being divided into beginners, intermediate and advanced groups. The tracks wind up hill and down dale, through country which, until a few years ago, was known only to shepherds and mountaineers.

Trail riding is even more exciting but it can be recommended only to the experienced. Hunter hacks of around 15 hands are used and the rider is able to trot and canter over the hills, along the old drove roads and sheep tracks.

Last year some 1,000 people took part in sailing holidays in Scotland. Many of them were learners. As is well known, the progress of small yacht and dinghy sailing has greatly increased the popularity of this sport throughout Britain. Scotland has contributed much to the growth. The lochs and rivers offer as much attraction to yachtsmen as they do to the anglers. Mention should also be made of the cruises throughout the summer by six yachts. The voyage is made from the Clyde to the Western Isles. Those who join the crews learn to sail as well as elementary navigation, pilotage and bosun's work.

Scottish waters hold further attractions—water ski-ing and under-water exploration. Water ski-ing is a comparatively recent innovation. Last year it was largely concentrated on Loch Earn, where it was first introduced into Scotland. Hundreds learnt the delight of the sport there and it was estimated that 20,000 spectators gathered

SAILING IN CONVOY ON LOCH LONG : The yachts are on a training course at Blairmore, in Argyllshire. Several hotels and youth hostels offer training to beginners. Last year the S.C.P.R. gave instruction to over 1,000 pupils. A popular development in sailing holidays has been the introduction of training cruises in yachts from the Firth of Clyde up the west coast to the Western Isles. This summer in the Clyde a start is being made in "Sub Aqua" courses, instruction in under-water exploration.

FISHING ON LOCH MAREE : Angling in all its forms is probably the most popular sport in Scotland, and beginners can be taught the art by experts. Another traditional Scottish sport, golf, can be learnt at special Golf schools on certain links from coaches of Ryder Cup standard.

THE PLEASURES OF WINTER SPORTS : A Swiss instructor teaches his ski-ing class on the slopes near Nethybridge. It is not only in the summer that Scotland attracts visitors. Winter snows provide excellent sport.

at Lochearnhead to see the first Scottish Championships ever to be held. This year Loch Lomond, already established as a centre for angling courses, will add water ski-ing to its syllabus. "Sub Aqua" instruction is the somewhat formidable title given to under-water exploration. Those who want to become "frogmen" will have their headquarters at Largs, on the Firth of Clyde, and learn to move below the surface from expert tutors.

From the water back to land. Scotland traditionally connotes not only fishing and shooting but also golf. Presumably the ambition of every golfer is to play at St. Andrews. Under the Scottish Holidays scheme this can be done in the very best company. Ryder Cup players will be among the coaches, as they are also to be on the links at Boat of Garten and at Largs. Those in charge of the coaching in rotation are Eric Brown, Syd Scott, John Fallon, Fred Daly and Harry Weetman.

Does the visitor fancy contemplation or mobility? Field studies, such as bird-watching, are provided at two centres, one near Banff, the other at Garth. For those who want to see as much of the country as possible at a most economic cost there is a motor-scooter centre in Perthshire from which machines and all the necessary equipment can be hired. And, if anyone wants a bird's-eye view from the air, two gliding clubs, the Aberdeen Gliding Club and the Scottish Gliding Club Union, have arranged courses in which the art of soaring flight can be learnt.

It would be wrong to think of Scotland only as a region for summer sports holidays. Winter sports also have their place. Scotland may not be able to compare with the famous Continental resorts, but once the snows have fallen the slopes of many hills and mountains offer ski-ing, good fun and good fellowship. Two advantages should be noted. The lack of lifts and other mechanical aids means that skiers in Scotland have to walk to most snowgrounds. This limbers up the muscles and prevents accidents. But should anyone have a mishap, medical attention, under the National Health Act, is free. This year Scotland will have five main ski-ing centres, each with professional instructors.

All the sports holidays in Scotland, in summer or winter, can be enjoyed from comfortable hotels or youth hostels, inevitably situated in magnificent scenery. As Lord Strathclyde said in his speech referred to at the beginning of this article: "Not only are we a country where things have happened, we are a country where things can be *made* to happen."

Readers requiring further information about Scottish Sports Holidays should write to:

The Scottish Council of Physical Recreation, 4, Queenferry Street, Edinburgh. Or, The Scottish Tourist Board, 2, Rutland Place, West Edinburgh.

A ONE-MAN "HELI-SCOOTER"

The Rotorcycle Shows its Paces Over London

On right—

READY TO TAKE OFF: Major R. L. Peck, formerly of the United States Marines, prepares for a flight in the Rotorcycle (the Hiller XROE-1) from the South Bank site in London. He was giving a demonstration of the wide range of military and commercial uses of this American-built aircraft, which has been nicknamed the "Heli-scooter" or "motor scooter of the air." Wearing a crash helmet, Major Peck was strapped to his seat and his feet rested on the pedals which control the tail rotor. He hovered, climbed and flew above the River Thames and its banks. By a coincidence an inquiry was being held in nearby County Hall into the application to build a heliport on the Thames. The demonstration amply showed the many advantages of the Rotorcycle. Unladen weight is only 300 lb. and it folds up and is easily transportable in a relatively small container. With a maximum rate of climb of 1,160 ft. per minute, it cruises at 55 miles per hour and has a top speed of 70 m.p.h. Consumption at cruising speed is 11 m.p.g. Present purchase cost is about £4,000, but this would be reduced substantially if the Rotorcycle were to be produced in quantity.

Below—

HOVERING ABOVE THE SOUTH BANK: The pilot sits on one leg of the tripod undercarriage of the Heli-scooter. In the background across the river are the Victoria Tower and the Houses of Parliament, Big Ben and the towers of Westminster Abbey. An important feature of the machine, according to those who saw the demonstration, was that the engine when started was no louder than a car's.

A SPEEDY OPERATION: In the upper of these two pictures the folded Rotorcycle is being unloaded and in the lower it is being set up on the South Bank. It can be made ready for flight in a very short period of time. The flying control system is extremely simple.

BRITAIN LEADS IN TRACTOR PRODUCTION

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

EVER since the war, there have been gloomy predictions that British farming would soon become "over-tractored"; ever since the war, the British manufacturers of agricultural tractors have fairly steadily managed to push their output upwards. In the last few years in particular, as Government support of agricultural prices has grown less and the farmer's "real income," allowing for rising prices, has tended to sag, the Cassandras have detected new ill omens. This year's farm price review in February actually cut the farmers' money income; the Government made quite a substantial reduction in its financial assistance to the agricultural community. Yet registrations of new tractors during March, generally the peak month of the year, increased as usual—to 5,426, fully 20 per cent. more than a year before, and production is at record levels.

There is no doubt that British agriculture, which during the last twenty years has become the most highly mechanised in the world, now owns a vast fleet of tractors. At the end of the war the National Farmers' Union calculated that the "ultimate" fleet of tractors which British agriculture might eventually require might be about 315,000. A leading manufacturer, surveying the market, produced roughly similar estimates. At the end of 1956 a yearly census showed about 418,000 wheeled tractors (plus 18,000 tracked vehicles) on farms in the United Kingdom. To-day, allowing for the scrapping of worn-out vehicles, there must be about 450,000. That is about one tractor to every 25 acres of arable land under cultivation, a much heavier concentration of tractive power on the farm than anywhere else in the world.

Even so, the home market accounts for only about a third of the sales of tractors produced in Britain. The main business of the manufacturers is to hold Britain's position as the world's leading exporter. Total production here amounts to more that 150,000 agricultural tractors a year, wheeled and tracked, and in addition some 40,000 small tractors for market gardening. Last year, more than 100,000 of the agricultural tractors were sold overseas. In spite of increasing competition from Germany, Britain still sells about half the tractors that pass through world trade—having wrested leadership in this section of world trade from the United States during the years of dollar shortage.

Those years when customers found it hard to pay for American goods, following upon the wartime era in which a mechanical revolution was forced upon British farming, have quite transformed the scale of the British tractor industry. Ford were producing on a fairly large scale before the war, and of the 55,000 tractors in use in 1939, three-quarters are said to have been Fordsons; the Ferguson hydraulic lift principle and three-point linkage for implements used with the tractor were available in Britain, first on a tractor produced by David Brown. But total output in 1939 was less than 20,000 tractors; to-day the industry's capacity must approach ten times that amount.

The manufacturing capacity is still dominated by firms in the motor industry, and Ford is the country's second largest producer; but the largest of all is now Standard Motors, which produce the tractors designed and marketed by Massey-Ferguson. The association between Standard and Harry Ferguson began in 1945, when the company converted a wartime aircraft factory at Banner Lane, Coventry, to turn out Ferguson's light tractor, using an engine closely related to that of its Vanguard car. In 1953 the Ferguson company amalgamated with Massey-Harris of Canada, which was already producing tractors at Trafford Park, and the tractor began to be marketed throughout the world by the new Massey-Harris-Ferguson organisation.

The operating link between the two organisations is a close one: last year it nearly became a closer, financial link. In 1954 the Massey-Harris-Ferguson organisation designed a new tractor to replace one which they made at Detroit and Standard at Coventry. By agreement, Standard delayed putting this into production until expansion of its car and smaller tractor production was complete. By 1956—after considerable tribulations—Standard was ready to bring in the new model at its wholly re-equipped Coventry plant.

The two companies, looking for even closer collaboration on design, production and marketing—both were producing in Britain, France and India—planned an actual financial merger. Last autumn the deal had to be abandoned: devaluation of the French franc, and reconsideration of some projects Massey-Ferguson had in mind, made the originally agreed financial basis unrealistic, and the two companies put it off indefinitely. The operating arrangement remains: and the productive organisation that has been built around it remains one of the most impressive in the world's vehicle industry.

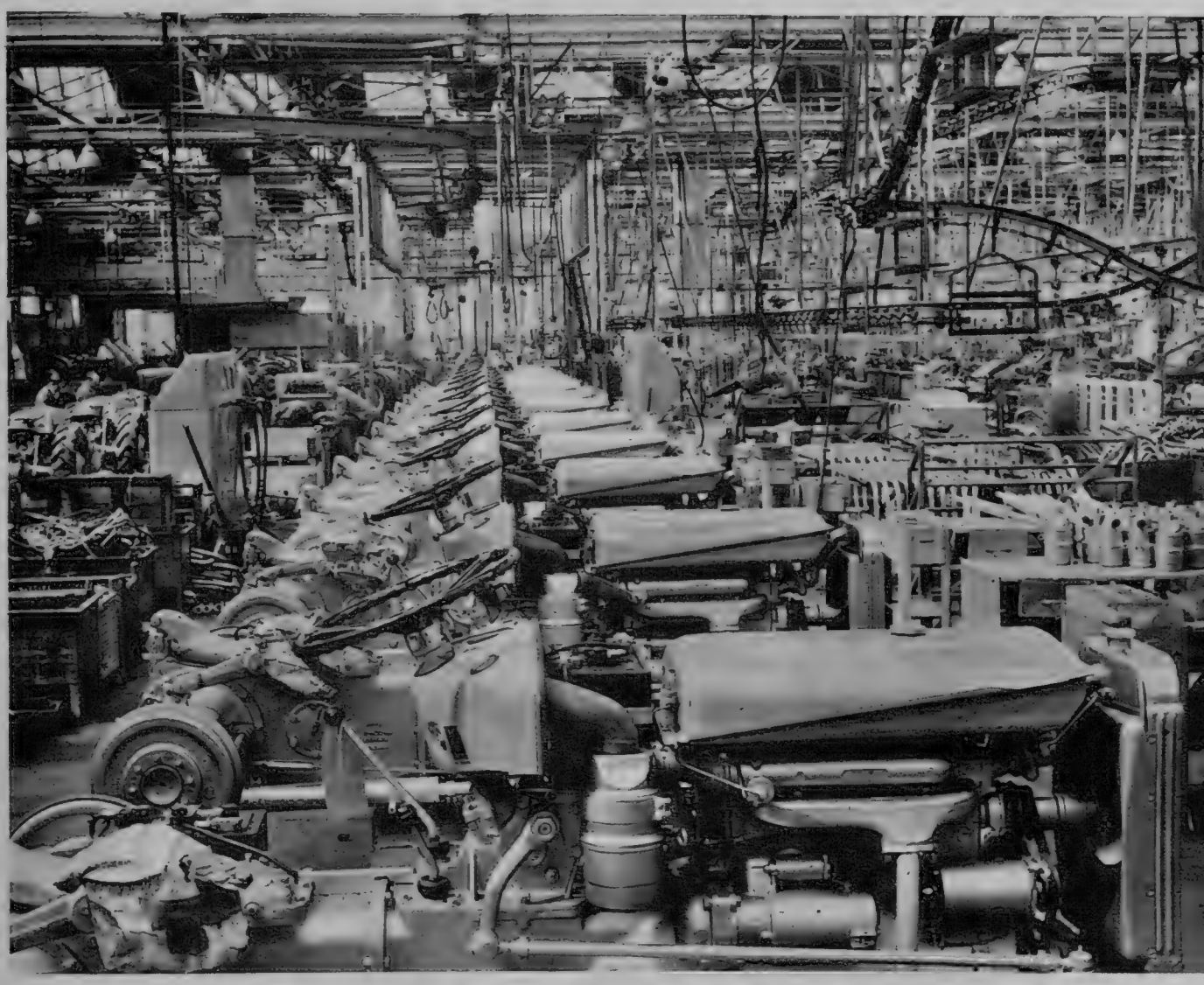
In the early days of Ferguson tractor production, Banner Lane was equipped with modern machine tools and handling equipment, organised upon unusually flexible lines of management that tended to minimise paper work, but requiring a good deal of manual operation. The £4,500,000 expansion programme which the company completed by the end of 1956 was based upon a complete re-design of these production facilities, using every resource of "automation" that the company's engineering plant could find to save labour and increase output from the same floor space. British and German makers of "automatic transfer" machine tools—which carry out a succession of operations on each workpiece, in one case moving a component automatically through no fewer than forty different jobs of machining—worked to the company's specifications and have given them one of the most labour-saving tractor plants in the world.

That highly automatic plant became in 1956, unhappily, the scene of what was generally miscalled the world's first "automation strike." The changeover to the new model of the Ferguson tractor, to be produced on the new production lines, involved building up a stock of the former models and of components in advance, and then stopping output for a time to rearrange the whole layout. It had been expected that the majority of the men laid off the tractor lines could, in the interim, be shifted over to car production. But as it happened, Government policy had found it necessary to restrict spending by higher purchase tax and hire purchase regulation. The car industry plunged into a recession, and Standard could not shift the men on to cars as it had hoped. There followed a short but bitter strike, and the inevitable dismissals—with comparatively generous "redundancy payments."

To the outsider, this dispute had its ironies: to some neighbours, it caused a little unholy joy. Standard was, and is, one of the highest-paying employers in British engineering. Ever since the war, moreover, its relations with trade unions had been closer and somewhat warmer than in most other firms. Even nowadays, one can seldom discuss labour supplies with any other engineering employer in Coventry without the inevitable complaint, "Oh well, they know they can go along to Banner Lane and earn more on semi-skilled jobs." That this paragon of pay and labour relations should run into a strike sourly amused its critics. Standard is still paying high wages; its labour force is now somewhat short of the 1955-56 peak levels, but its labour relations remain good. But perhaps significantly, it has since the strike rejoined the Engineering Employers' Federation that it left just after the war.

From this only slightly smaller labour force, the company is now obtaining a great deal more production. Tractor output is now up to about the planned volume for the 37 h.p. tractor that it introduced in 1956, and a new Massey-Ferguson 50·5 h.p. tractor, the first model in this larger range that has ever been produced at Banner Lane, came into production in February. Output from the plant is now about 400 tractors a day, apart from Standard's daily output of about 350 cars and vans.

Both Massey-Ferguson and Ford are marketing light and medium models of tractor; and there are new models from several of the other important makers, which include the British Motor Corporation, David Brown, and International Harvester. Britain's farmers—and the world's—are certainly being offered a wide range of British tractors to choose from this year—the competition is getting keener.



TRACTORS FROM A BRITISH FACTORY: A view of the final assembly line of the Ferguson 35 tractor at the Banner Lane factory of the Standard Motor Co. Ltd., in Coventry. This plant, recently made the most modern of its kind by an investment in automation of £4,500,000, produces 400 Ferguson tractors every day. It is the highest daily production rate from a single factory in the world. The new Massey-Ferguson 50·5 h.p. tractor is also being produced at Banner Lane.

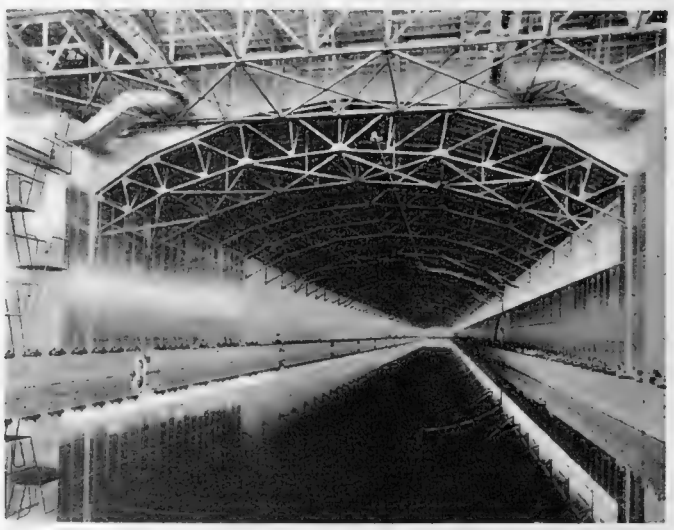
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

On right—

NEW TRENCH DIGGER

Believed to be the first of its kind in the world, this rail-mounted trench-digging machine developed by the Western Region of British Railways enables seven men to do the work of forty, in less than one-third of the time, when excavating trenches for surface water drains alongside the track. It saves 86 per cent. of labour costs on the site, and is capable of digging a 6-ft. length of trench 6 ft. deep and 2 ft. wide in one minute.

In the past two years the machine, working only on Sundays, has excavated 16,000 yards of drain trench in 486 hours, at the same time loading the spoil into wagons. Had this work been done by manual labour it would have taken 1,700 hours to complete. The digger is driven by a 48 h.p. diesel engine and the power to all motions is transmitted hydraulically. Essentially the digging unit is a modified arrangement of the Barber Greene ditcher mounted on an adjustable outrigger, which in turn is secured to a rotating base for bringing the unit within load gauge when travelling.



On left—

ALUMINIUM ROOF

The roof structure of the Ship Testing Tank Building at the National Ship Hydrodynamics Laboratory at Feltham, in Middlesex, is built of aluminium. It consists of 98 curved roof trusses with a span of 67 ft., and covers an area 1,460 ft. long by 67 ft. wide. The fabrication of the roof was undertaken by Head Wrightson Aluminium Ltd., a subsidiary of Head Wrightson and Co. Ltd., for the Ministry of Works. Aluminium was used to withstand the humid atmosphere.

DOLLAR ORDER FOR ENGLISH ELECTRIC

Two of the largest three-phase transformers ever built have been ordered by the Tennessee Valley Authority from the English Electric Company for the Authority's new power station at Gallatin, Tennessee. Here the first is being lifted aboard the S.S. *Kendall Fish* at Birkenhead. Their capacity is 345,000 kVA. each and they are to transform the generator pressure of 22.5 kV. up to the transmission voltage of 165 kV. These transformers, built at the English Electric Company's works at Stafford, are double-wound in the form of a three-phase core-type unit, and are cooled by units mounted on the side of the tank. Oil is pumped through and air cooling accelerated by impeller-type fans. The contract is worth over £300,000.

PRODUCTION EXHIBITION AND CONFERENCE AT OLYMPIA

A general view of some of the stands in the Grand Hall at Olympia after the opening of the third Production Exhibition by Lord Mills, the Minister of Power. This year's Exhibition was the biggest and most important in its history. Nearly 100 companies, both large and small, had on display the latest products and techniques for increasing productivity and so lowering the cost of the end product. A number of firms this year erected colourful and original stands, and many of the demonstrations of machinery and appliances had a real interest both for the technical man and the layman alike. As its contribution to the International Geophysical Year, the United States of America intends to launch a new, instrumented satellite—the Vanguard—and a fully working model of this, together with a fully comprehensive pictorial story of the American satellite programme, was on show for the first time in the Grand Hall at Olympia.

SHIP BUILT IN A MONTH

The M.T. *Seskar*, entering the water at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, is the last of the twenty prefabricated trawlers which Brooke Marine Ltd. have under construction for Russia. The ship, launched one month after the laying of the keel, was named by Mrs. E. D. Russell, wife of the managing director of Brooke Marine Ltd., one of the Dowsett group of companies. Each of the twenty vessels is almost 190 ft. long and has a loaded displacement of approximately 1,300 tons. They are especially constructed to meet Arctic conditions. The order for the twenty trawlers is worth £7,500,000.

EXPERIMENTAL WORK ON NUCLEAR REACTORS

The West German Minister for Nuclear Power, Herr Balke, looks at a model in Perspex of a Hunterston-type nuclear power reactor at the Atomic Energy Division of the General Electric Company at Erith, in Kent. Herr Balke was visiting industrial concerns throughout the country at the invitation of the President of the Board of Trade. The 1/20th scale model of the type that G.E.C. are building at Hunterston, in Scotland, is being used for experimental work investigating the gas flow inside a gas-cooled, graphite moderated reactor. Air is drawn into the sphere from the trumpet-shaped inlet ducts (level with Herr Balke's shoulders) up through the cylindrical core into the large pipes at the top. The flexible pipes lead to devices which measure the pressure drop along the channels.

THE FIRST SHIPMENT OF LIQUEFIED GAS FROM VENEZUELA

Being loaded at Creole Petroleum Corporation's dock No. 3 at La Salina, Zulia, the motor ship *Marian P. Billups* carries the first shipment of liquefied fuels produced in Venezuela. Bound for Caribbean markets, the ship carries a cargo of 11,500 barrels of liquefied fuel. It is planned to send further shipments to satisfy the increasing demand for propane and butane gas. The liquefied fuels are produced in the Gas Liquefying Plant, recently built by Creole at Ulé, a district of Bolivar, in an effort to diversify the production of hydrocarbons in Venezuela.

MAKING A CONCRETE PUNT

The framework of the punt is constructed from 50 yards of wire netting, bent to the shape of the punt, on steel ribs, made from 150 ft. of steel bars, which are welded together. *Below*—The frame is being covered with a quarter of an inch thick layer of high-grade concrete, forming the skin of the punt. It is claimed this makes a strong but flexible structure. This revolutionary method of punt construction has been evolved by two undergraduates studying engineering at King's College, Cambridge. Weighing about half a ton when completed, it is confidently expected that the new punt will be able to survive any of the frequent collisions to be expected on the Cam during the crowded summer season.

A SCALE MODEL OF THE SOLENT AND SOUTHAMPTON WATER

In order to simulate the tides of Southampton, this scale model was built at a cost of £16,000. Standing at the back is Professor Archibald Black, head of Southampton University's Department of Mechanical Engineering, who was behind much of the work. The model was built after the Caltex Group of Companies sought permission to dredge a channel for a deep-water terminal and the Harbour Board thought that the dredging might cause silting in the main ship channel. It was decided the problem might be solved by building a scale model. Caltex agreed to finance the experiment. Five tons of water are used and a tide cycle can be simulated every six minutes. It was found that the dredging would be possible. The model has been presented to the University for further work.

The Sphere of Travel

AROUND LAKE CONSTANCE

Holiday Resorts on the German Side of the Lake

By GORDON COOPER

THE Lake of Constance, called by the Germans *Boden-See*, and by the ancient Romans *Lacus Brigantinus*, is some 40 miles long and nearly 9 miles wide. Three countries, Germany, Switzerland and Austria, share the borders of this glorious sheet of water. But it is from the German side that the finest panoramic scenes are obtainable, for from its resorts you look out across the water to the Appenzell Alps, including the snow-clad Sentis, while to the east are the Vorarlberg Alps. The German hinterland is almost entirely flat. The climate is extremely mild, with resulting semi-tropical vegetation in some sheltered spots, and the countryside is at its loveliest from the end of April to mid-May, when the many fruit trees are in blossom.

Of the lakeside resorts on the German side, the most interesting for foreign visitors are Ueberlingen, Meersburg and Lindau. The town of Constance might also be included, chiefly for its historical associations, although the presence of an excellent luxury hotel will also appeal to some holidaymakers. On the Swiss side, the three main towns of Rorschach, Arbon and Romanshorn are resorts of a kind, but as they are also industrial centres I hardly think they can be recommended for a stay. But if you continue west into the Untersee, an extension of Lake Constance and the beginning of the Upper Rhine, then there are pleasing hotels to be found at Steckborn, Ermatingen and Gottlieben. On the very short lakeside sector in Austria, there is only Bregenz, a pleasant town famous for its annual summer season of operas performed on a floating stage.

In this article, however, I will describe only the German resorts, starting with Lindau, which is one of the nicest places in all Germany for a holiday. The ancient town lies on a small island, not far from the mainland, with which it is linked by a causeway. Much of the inner town is medieval and picturesque, but there are also modern attractions, including five bathing beaches (bathing is pleasant from April until October), a golf course (nine holes) at nearby Bad Schachen, where there is an excellent hotel, and rowing, sailing and fishing. The best fish are "Blaufelchen," "Seeforelle" and "Sandfelchen," all varieties of salmon and trout.

The centre of social life is the casino, where roulette and baccarat are played. There is also a theatre, with regular performances and also symphony concerts, etc., as well as dancing on special illuminated boats, fireworks and every kind of organised entertainment. This resort should fulfil the holiday requirements of those who like lots of gaiety when abroad. At the same time Lindau is well placed for excursions : around the lake by steamer; into the Austrian province of Vorarlberg; to the nearby Principality of Liechtenstein; and along the Allgäu Alps of Southern Bavaria. There are also many opportunities for walking and climbing excursions to the mountains in the neighbourhood.

At the other end of Lake Constance is the ancient city of Constance, which in the Middle Ages was a free town and an episcopal see; it was once called "the most noble treasure of the Reich," but by 1548 the town, once so proud, had become an Austrian country town. Since 18[illegible] it has belonged to Baden.

There is perhaps nothing particularly spectacular abo[illegible] Constance, although the stroller in the old part of t[illegible] town, with its medieval houses and winding streets, w[illegible] feel rewarded. The outstanding building is undoubtedl[illegible] the Munster, or Cathedral, which was founded in 105[illegible] but did not assume its present form till the beginning o[illegible] the sixteenth century. The oak doors of the chief entranc[illegible] are decorated with reliefs of the fifteenth century, in twen[illegible] sections, representing scenes in the life of our Lord.

At Constance you are within easy reach of the islan[illegible] of Mainau and Reichenau. The former is the property o[illegible] the Swedish Royal Family, but it is open to the public. It is laid out as a national park of sub-tropical plants, a[illegible] it contains many rare shrubs and plants, the rose gard[illegible] being especially lovely.

Reichenau is one of the oldest centres of Christianit[illegible] in Germany, for it was the site of a famous Benedictin[illegible] abbey, founded in 724 and dissolved in 1799. During th[illegible] ninth to eleventh centuries it was the artistic and literar[illegible] centre of south-west Germany. Popes, emperors an[illegible] kings came there. Still to be visited are the impressi[illegible] basilica of Mittelzell and two churches: St. George's an[illegible] the one at Niederzell. Altogether, with its historic buildings and its peaceful, picturesque environment, this island is a rewarding excursion.

Just where Lake Constance begins to contract to a long narrow, tree-encircled bay, called the Ueberlingersee, is the old town of Ueberlingen. It lies amidst hills rich wi[illegible] vines and fruit trees, and it is a veritable sun-trap, wi[illegible] sufficient amusements to obviate any feeling of boredom. Incidentally, it is a centre for the Kneipp water treatment which are so popular in Bavaria.

East of Ueberlingen is Meersburg, an enchanting litt[illegible] town, with towers, gates and old houses lying picturesquel[illegible] on a steep vine-clad slope. The lower town contains th[illegible] *Grethaus*, a granary dating from 1505, as well as a Gothi[illegible] chapel with a carved altar representing the Annunciatio[illegible] (about 1490). Dominating the town, however, is the *Alte*

ARRIVAL AT LINDAU : A pleasure steamer draws up to the landing stage in the harbour of Lindau. Much of the inner part of the town, built on an island in Lake Constance, is medieval. The lion guarding the entrance is 20 ft. high and made from Kelheim stone. Opposite it is the lighthouse 110 ft. high.

NEW HOTELS ON MAJORCA

Anyone who has not been to Majorca for a couple of years will find a fantastic change if they return to Palma this summer. Hotel after hotel has been built and the whole sea-front from the Port of Palma to Cala Mayor has been transformed. An embankment carrying a promenade called the Paseo Maritimo echoes the Promenade des Anglais while new hotels jostle each other in an endeavour to emulate La Croisette in Cannes. The Hotel Bahia Palace, nearest to the city and built in 1957, is a first-class hotel with a de luxe atmosphere, or should it be described as a de luxe hotel with first-class amenities? Whichever way it is categorised it is a reasonably-priced and comfortable hotel. The aviary in the bar and the sprawling swimming-pool on the terrace make up for the somewhat restricted menu in the dining-room.

Further along the front the Mediterraneo Gran Hotel vies with the Victoria for pride of position. The night club in the Mediterraneo is well worth a visit. A cuadro of flamenco dancers and singers entertain nightly. If you are fortunate it is possible to persuade them to extend their turn beyond their allotted span and to sing their own favourite songs. Both hotels are splendidly situated and offer opulent grace at low price.

Further along at Cala Mayor, an even greater change has taken place. The small shingly beach has become the focal point of a dozen or so magnificent hotels and more are being built each month. One was being completed at great speed in the middle of April for the reception of visitors in May. Curtains were being put up while doors were being screwed on.

The Nixe Palace, only built last year, is undoubtedly the finest hotel in Majorca. This is a genuine de luxe hotel, and one which can be compared favourably with any in the South of France. There is a sparkle about the service and the fittings which is very heartening. Should a less sophisticated hotel be required at Cala Mayor the Cala Hotel, equally new, has a fanatical Anglophile in its manager, Señor Simon Estades. He loves Britons. He thinks they make ideal guests. Unlike some, he maintains they are always satisfied and never complain. I gather that he is in favour, too, for his hotel is full up until November. The food was excellent, a little international perhaps, but none the worse for that. This is definitely a spot for May or October. April is a little early for comfortable sea-bathing. The temperature is only in the lower sixties.

Do not, on any account, go to Valldemosa, the scene of the irregular liaison between Georges Sand and Chopin. The commercialisation is monstrous. Go in preference to the Caves of Drach. While being perfectly ordinary in their stalagmites and stalactites, they are exquisite in a *son et lumière* display on an underground lake. The whole show is beautifully stage-managed and is an experience not to be missed.

W. D. C. C.

Above—
AN ENCHANTING LITTLE TOWN: On the shore of Lake Constance lies Meersburg. It is built on a steep slope covered with vines. In the lower town is the Grethaus, a granary dating from 1505, and a Gothic chapel, built about 1490. In the upper town is the Altes Schloss and nearby a seventeenth-century mill.

chloss (Old Castle), with a medieval keep, which stands n a rock in the upper town. You should, of course, ample the local wine, the "Meersburger Weissherbst" cing the best known, and it is a perfect accompaniment to e tender trout-like salmon from the lake.

Inland, not far from Meersburg, is Salem, famous for s international college where the Duke of Edinburgh ent some years as a pupil; and it was on Lake Constance at he gained his first experiences in sailing a boat. On ne occasion he was on a cutter when the boat was sur-rised by one of the dreaded southerly gales which came veeping down from the Alps at destructive speed. The ew on the boat could do nothing but "stick it through" tacking against the hurricane, until they reached a fe bay.

Salem and its peculiar atmosphere can best be described the history of its architecture. Originally built as a onastery of the Cistercian Order around 1200 with a othic church lavishly adorned with alabaster altars, the bbey ruled more than sixty villages and became one of e richest monasteries in medieval Central Europe. In 809, Napoleon secularised the institution, and subse-uently it became the property of the Dukes of Baden, ho used it as a castle residence.

In 1920, Prince Max of Baden, last chancellor of the erman Reich under the Hohenzollern Kaisers, founded lem Castle College in order to "save of man what could e saved" and to try to educate young Germans who ould be conscious of their responsibilities in a collapsing ciety. He was assisted in his idealistic scheme by Kurt ahn, a German schoolmaster.

It was during the critical years of 1932 and 1933, when ahn was arrested by the Nazis, following his ultimatum his pupils: "You must either break off with Hitler or ith Salem," that Prince Philip was a pupil there. Con-ary to expectations, however, Salem, despite the escape Hahn to Britain, where he founded Gordonstoun, was ot altogether broken by the Hitler regime.

Not far from Salem is Heiligenburg, a delightful health sort situated on a rocky terrace 1,100 ft. above Lake onstance. It has a good hotel and I can recommend it r a quiet holiday. Nearby is the magnificent sixteenth-ntury Schloss, which contains a fine Ritter-Saal, with a rved coffer ceiling, probably the finest Renaissance work the kind in Germany.

There are many other interesting places within easy ach of the shores of Lake Constance, but here I will nclude with a mention of Ravensburg, which lies on the ain railway between Friedrichshafen and Ulm—about elve miles from the former town. It is an ancient town, th many high towers belonging to its medieval fortifica-ons, and for over 500 years it was a free city of the empire. It has some interesting churches and old buildings, including the fourteenth-century Liebfrauen-Kirche and the sixteenth-century Rathaus. Only four miles distant and reached by bus in a few minutes, there is the Abbey Church of Weingarten, the greatest baroque church north of the Alps. In its rich interior is the finest organ in Europe, made by Josef Gabler from 1737-50. The church, with its Holy Blood Relic, has considerable fame as a pilgrimage-place, and on "Blood" Friday, following Ascension Day, the "Blutritt" procession crosses the nearby fields.

For further information:

German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, Vigo Street, London, W.1.

Germania Travel Ltd. (specialist travel agent), 26, Old Bond Street, W.1.

Recommended hotels:

Insel Hotel, Constance.

Schiff, Meersburg.

Post, Heiligenberg.

Bad-Hotel, Ueberlingen.

Bayrischer Hof, Lindau; also the Hotel Retemann, while the Bad Schachen on the nearby mainland is exceptional.

A WEEK-END IN FRANCE

By the Coach-Air flights of Air Charter Ltd., with frequent departures from Euston, it is possible to be in Calais within 145 minutes—the fastest of any Channel crossing. Within a few miles of this town, there is the pleasant seaside village of Wissant, with its six miles of glorious sands. You can get there by bus in 40 minutes. A recommended hotel is the Maris Stella, where for under £2 a day you can get a room with private bath and three meals a day. Without private bath, the charge (pension) is 30s. a day. The marvellous, bracing air costs nothing, and as this small resort is almost unknown you can at times have the stretch of sands all to yourself. This spot is a splendid place for a family holiday, and in the neighbouring sand dunes children can have a wonderful time in perfect safety.

By air/coach, the cost of transportation (return) between London-Southend-Calais is £6 17s.; while between Lydd-Calais (Silver City) it is £6; and by surface travel, London-Calais, £5 15s. 2d.

BY THE SIDE OF LAKE CONSTANCE: Standing on a tongue of land is the Schloss Montfort, built in the Moorish style in 1858. Behind is the small town of Langenargen.

AT THE ITALIAN CHURCH IN LONDON: The crowd assembled outside St. Peter's Church, Back Hill, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., greet the President of Italy and Signora Gronchi as they arrive to attend Mass on Ascension Day. After the service the President and his wife attended a reception for the Italian colony in London, at County Hall, the headquarters of the L.C.C.

THE STATE VISIT

Further Pictures of Signor Gronchi in London and Cambridge

On right—

STATESMEN OF TWO COUNTRIES MEET IN LONDON: The Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, and the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, call on the President at Buckingham Palace. From the left are Sir Ashley Clarke (British Ambassador to Italy), Signor Pella (Italian Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister), Mr. Macmillan, President Gronchi, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Signor Vittorio Zoppi (Italian Ambassador in London), and Signor A. Alessandrini (Secretary-General to the Italian Ministry for Foreign Affairs). Later in the day the President and his wife gave a dinner party for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Italian Embassy.

HE CITY LUNCHEON IN LONDON'S GUILDHALL: From the left at the top table are the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan; the Duchess of Gloucester; President Gronchi; the Lord Mayor, Sir Denis Truscott; and Signora Gronchi.

GOVERNMENT RECEPTION IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S GUEST: Her Majesty accompanies Signor Gronchi during the reception given at Lancaster House, in London. In the right background is the Duchess of Gloucester.

AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: Signora Gronchi is accompanied by Mr. Trenchard Cox, the Director, during the tour of the Gallery. They are looking at the Raphael Tapestry, "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." This was one of the separate visits made by Signora Gronchi while her husband was carrying out other engagements in London and Cambridge.

THE VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE: President Gronchi walks from King's College Chapel during his tour of the University buildings. At a Congregation held in the Senate House, the Chancellor of the University, Lord Tedder, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on the President.

The World of Books

SOCIETY AND SOCIAL SERVICE

A Biography of Lady Mountbatten; John Howard and the Start of Prison Reform; A Heroic Naval Action; Angry Young Men and Millionaires; Problems of Youth and Other Novels

THIS seems to be the summer for biographies of beautiful women, and of exceptional women, too. This week it is the Countess Mountbatten of Burma whose life as society leader, as fashionable hostess, as traveller, as wife and mother, as Vicereine and tireless social worker, has been recorded up to the present day by Mrs. Madeleine Masson. The title of the book is EDWINA (Robert Hale. 21s.), and it is as Edwina that Mrs. Masson refers to her subject throughout, "Dickie" being that other semi-fabulous figure, Earl Mountbatten. The method that the biographer has chosen is to present Lady Mountbatten as, first and foremost, a very human woman of great vitality, whose natural dignity is never at odds with her informal and enthusiastic approach and who has grown increasingly devoted to the ideal of public service.

In the latter respect it has been easy enough to find illustrations. Lady Mountbatten is at present a Superintendent-in-Chief of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, is responsible for all its women personnel throughout the world, works office hours from Monday to Friday, spends most of her week-ends travelling about the country on inspection and speech-making tours and is active in a long list of other charitable organisations. During the war and for the period her husband was Viceroy of India, her dedication to charity and nursing work began to find full expression.

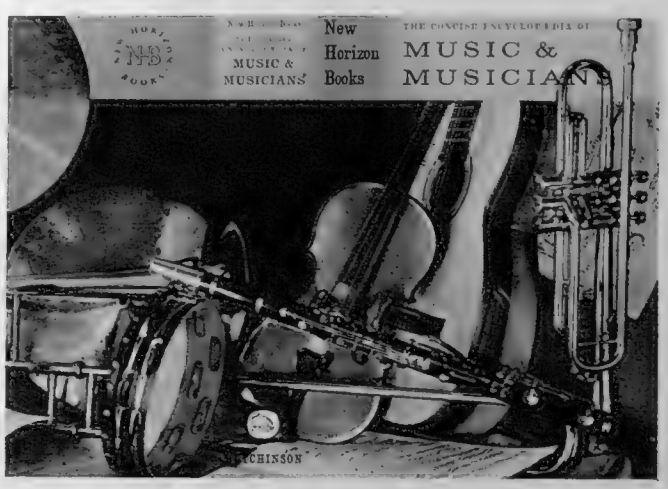
This book also has its lighter moments, its discussion of personal tastes and foibles and some amusing anecdotes. One of these concerns Lady Mountbatten's habit of writing herself reminder notes. One of her daughters found a prize example at their country house. It read, briefly and simply: "Kill cockerel, empty dustbins, write Queen."

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century lived an Englishman whom John Wesley was to call: "One of the greatest men in Europe." He was John Howard, the son of a wealthy London merchant, and the first man to make a thorough examination of the penal system in this country. Prisons in his day were in every sense terrible places; in theory all the property of the monarch but in fact locally and brutally administered by their keepers on the basis of personal gain. JOHN HOWARD, PRISON REFORMER (Johnson. 18s.) tells something of their history but more of the fine career of the indefatigable man who worked for a new code of behaviour to prisoners and whose name is perpetuated to this day. Mr. D. L. Howard has written with sympathy but without sentimentality of his namesake's great work, and his book should be a welcome addition to the literature in this specialised field.

THE JERVIS BAY (Kimber. 21s.) recalls one of the epics of the early days of the last war when an armed merchant cruiser, inadequately transformed for war duties and armed with nineteenth-century guns, took on the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer* and fought her to the death. The survivors of the *Jervis Bay* still meet each year and drink to their absent shipmates, to their "grand and happy ship," and to their memories of that encounter in the North Atlantic in November 1940. Mr. George Pollock has had the benefit of many of their memories in writing this moving story of heroic response to hopeless odds, of the ship's company and of their splendid commander, Captain Fogarty Fegen, R.N., who was awarded a posthumous V.C.

The contrast between this book and the next is a profound one. Mr. Kenneth Allsop has written a survey of what he calls the cultural revolt of the 1950's and has called it THE ANGRY DECADE (Peter Owen. 21s.). Inevitably this tends to become a discussion of such articulate young writers as Kingsley Amis, John Osborne and Colin Wilson, and they and their circle are appraised and compared with their counterparts in the three preceding decades. Many controversial and provocative points emerge from this treatment and one of these is the lack of unity of purpose between these three best-known names of the period. Mr. Amis, for instance, is reported to have said that he didn't like "these glum chums"; Mr. Wilson that the hero of one of Osborne's plays is a pseudo-Outsider. "He doesn't possess the strength of mind to create anything," and Osborne that he must read *The Outsider* (Wilson's first publication) as he was told that it was a very good reference book—"such a wealth of bibliography."

THE QUEST FOR WEALTH (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.) is announced as a Study of Acquisitive Man; a sub-title which is both apt and descriptive. Mr. Robert L. Heilbroner has a remarkably lucid style and he is concerned here with examples, from the earliest ages to the present day, of the man who gave himself up to the making of money—a great deal of it. Crassus, for instance, was the richest Roman of Julius Cæsar's day, worth, as the author puts it, about 25,000,000 dollars. One of his means to a rich end was his notorious "fire brigade," which would hurry to the scene of a disaster and then hang about while Crassus got a good price for the property from the frantic owners. In the sixteenth century there were the members of the merchant family of Fugger who made a great part of their millions in lending to royalty and minting money for the Pope. Nearer our own day, of course, there is John D. Rockefeller and the acquisitive trend persists successfully in others of his calibre. A fascinating book with a scrupulous avoidance of a moral lesson.



A CONSORT OF INSTRUMENTS: This photograph by Percy Hennell forms the jacket and end-papers for *The Concise Encyclopædia of Music and Musicians* (Hutchinson. 50s.). Edited by Martin Cooper, this new reference book is designed for the "average music-lover" and presents in a concise and readable form the history and technical rudiments of the art. It is comprehensive and profusely illustrated in colour and in black-and-white.

THE LATER HERODS (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.), by Mr. Stewart Perowne, does not make particularly easy reading, partly because of the author's addiction to interpolated references and partly to the great mass of material, historical, economic and artistic, contained within the period in question. Nevertheless, this distinguished volume on the political background to the New Testament is very well worth serious study.

Mr. Anthony Smith had been working on the *Manchester Guardian* when he decided to leave for West Africa to promote the first popular magazine there, a production which now sells 150,000 copies a month. Between the beginning of such a venture and this commendable feat of circulation there is, naturally and inevitably, a variety of experience to be lived through, enjoyed or endured, and SEA NEVER DRY (Allen and Unwin. 15s.) tells a somewhat parallel story in Mr. Smith's own ebullient language. Amusing and highly informative.

THE PEACOCK PALACE (Collins. 15s.) is by Mr. George Blake, which is to say that it is smoothly readable and vigorously told. It is also a colourful tale within any meaning of the word, for Mr. Blake has told the story of an imaginary murder in Victorian times, of the Non-Proven verdict in a Scottish court and of the subsequent scandalous career of the young and beautiful girl who has been accused. This is a lusty and much-travelled novel with some excellent word pictures of the Far East and some less winning passages in which spite, brutality, drunkenness and licence have their place.

In his first novel Mr. Ian Stuart Black writes about Rome in 1940 and about a young Englishman who for six months worked there and fell happily and deeply in love. THE PASSIONATE CITY (Heinemann. 15s.) has, as a matter of fact, some of the attractions as well as some of the incoherences of young love. In its descriptions of the place in spring and early summer there is a real power of evocation and in its love scenes there is real tenderness. Elsewhere Mr. Black sometimes seems to catch a little too much of his hero's insouciancy but the general effect is disarmingly pleasant and the author's assessment of Italian manners acute.

VICTORS AND VANQUISHED (Gollancz. 16s.) is Mr. Francis Stuart's novel of the Second World War, as seen by an Irishman who leaves his failure of a marriage and goes back to Germany, where he has been teaching, and to the Jewish girl he has begun to love, there to spend the war. This is a scene and a background of which the author has written before with immense sympathy and this book of his is no less clear in its emotional loyalties and understanding.

The following three novels are all occupied with the special problems of youth, although each is on a different plane. Mr. Philip McCutchan's THE KID (Harrap. 13s. 6d.) has been successfully adapted for the B.B.C. and one can recognise its dramatic possibilities. The story is about a young naval officer, haunted by fear of his own cowardice which springs from a childhood incident. After a court-martial he is posted to a new ship and the time of proving comes again. Sensitive and even exciting. THE FLEDGLING (Cassell. 15s.), by Mrs. Frances Faviell, is about a young Army conscript, planning to desert for the third time. But for the stigma of cowardice he is a pleasant, sensitive boy and it is left to his grandmother to extricate him from his mess and give him the backbone he needs. Sentimental but honest. TEDDY BOY (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is a far grimmer affair of real delinquents and very real crime. Mr. Ernest Ryman writes with conviction and deep seriousness about his characters at the Approved School which is the principal scene of action and his book has innate dignity.

Vernon Fane

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Beverley Nichols Recalls the 1920's

Nostalgia for the vanished pomps of the Edwardian age has produced a spate of literature; then we skip a decade, and rightly so, and settle upon what Beverley Nichols has chosen as the title for his latest book, THE SWEET AND TWENTIES (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.). His book, taking us down the garden path to a vanished decade, is not a history of the period, just an album of snapshots, he explains; but what an album and what a brilliant evocation this is of that gay, wildly uncertain time that followed the First World War. Ivor Novello, Noël Coward, Cecil Beaton, and many other folk of precocious brilliance, who gave glitter to the 'twenties, loom up in these pages. It was really one long, silly season, but as Mr. Nichols says, it was probably not any sillier than the 'fifties. "Curiouser and curiouser" the 'twenties seem, as we look back. Mr. Nichols strides easily and knowingly across this third decade of the twentieth century.

You can never quite tell how America will receive you. When Marie of Rumania and the Prince of Wales, later to be Edward VIII, essayed the trip they took New York by storm, as everyone "knew" that they would. One would have thought that Jacques Offenbach, for years the darling of the Old World, would have been a certain draw; but it was not so when he went to the United States for the Centennial in 1876. After crossing in the *Canada*, the latest luxury liner of the French Line, he suffered a catastrophe at his first performance. Five thousand people crowded into Gilmore Garden for Offenbach's opening concert, a third left after the first item, and scarcely half stayed until the end. However, the situation was saved when a more varied programme was introduced instead of the straight orchestral fare, and soon the dapper little composer had become the toast of the town. In ORPHEUS IN AMERICA (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.) Lander McClintock has translated and presented Offenbach's diary of his journey in the New World. It is a delightful document, full of close observation and witty assessments, full of wonder and awe, with just a touch of gentle derision here and there, and a great deal of goodwill extended to the people of America. No wonder that in the end Offenbach triumphed, for he was a very human person who wanted to understand and set out to do just that, while at the same time outpouring in concert after concert his own considerable genius.

MY ZEPPELINS (Putnam. 21s.) is the work of Hugo Eckener, that great pioneer of these majestic if frustrating craft. There is a Jules Verne flavour in Dr. Eckener's account of his Zeppelins. He insists that travelling in an airship was not flying but voyaging. One can understand this. His descriptions of the "floating" quality of travel by Zeppelins are attractive. Nevertheless, the hard facts seem to be that speed never exceeded 100 miles per hour and bad weather was something to be deeply dreaded. The author is surely a little biassed when he states of the Zeppelin raids on London in the 1914-18 war: "The air raids on London in the first years of the war could have had an effect hardly to be over-estimated if they had been made by bigger ships operating safely at high altitudes."

The book is graphic enough, and there is a technical chapter by his son. The romantic side is stressed, the mishaps are under-played. The auther was in Austria in

MONTY'S MARKET GARDEN

The operations of the 1st Airborne Division designed to capture and hold the Arnhem Bridge were part a larger plan to shorten the war by months in 1944. was Monty's plan and he pushed it through with senhower, who shook his head but accepted it as one y—if an expensive one—of furthering his own grand ategy. Like Zeebrugge—as we now know—it was glorious failure. It sent to their deaths a treasury of ave young men and added to our roll of heroism other immortal name (and names).

Operation "Market Garden" failed principally rough the failure of intelligence. The opposition met th after the first phase—the descent—proved immensely ore formidable than was expected. General Model was the spot and soon was able to employ crack "resting" visions. The nine-day battle was fought with a desperate urage equal to anything the war had shown, and with a ivalry on both sides worthy of the days of chivalry.

In ARNHEM, by General R. E. Urquhart (Cassell. s.), the story is told by the Division's G.O.C. The ose of action is almost foolproof. It makes amateurs," like Scott of the Antarctic or Urquhart mself, the peers of Tacitus or the highly-trained lasefield. None can read such a story without notion, least of all in the descriptions of the retreat. learly no man knew more about the phases than eneral Urquhart. If I have a criticism, it is that his rrative errs on the side of modesty. Changes and hances separated him from the headquarters from hich alone direction could be maintained, and some-mes one has the impression of an eye-witness account y a commander much further forward than he had any ght to be, if he were to see things whole. No doubt om that cause his story gains in splendour, if it loses omething as a military text-book. **John Gore.**

N A CALM SEA: *Vim*, one of America's four 12-metre candidates for the defence of the America's Cup this year, is under full sail in the evening sun. The photograph is reproduced from *The America's Cup Races* (Van Nostrand. 52s. 6d.), by Herbert L. Stone and William H. Taylor. The book, which contains many photographs, tells the history of the famous race in great detail.

937 when news of the tragic end of the *Hindenburg* in America was broken to him. However, even this does ot seem to have dimmed the author's faith. After ll, it is something to have faith these days, even in ost causes.

The plight of the Straits-born Chinese caught up in he horrors of the Second World War is brilliantly ortrayed by G. P. Willis and Michael P. O'Connor in heir book, IT BEGAN IN SINGAPORE (Robert Hale. 15s.). How the young volunteers of Singapore led to the jungle to continue the war and were turned nto half-baked Communists by fanatical leaders makes ragic reading. This is a book of obvious authenticity nd depth, and it is not surprising that it has already won the commendation of Colonel Spencer Chapman, who writes the foreword.

SHOTS HEARD AROUND THE WORLD (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.) is a brief, gay and delightful record by Ellis Briggs, an Envoy Extraordinary who joined the American diplomatic service in 1925 and seems to have visited most of the trouble spots of the globe. His hobbies, he mentions, are hunting, fishing and croquet: the last-mentioned "is no kid's game, but a really lethal enterprise involving full British equipment."

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES (The Connoisseur: £5 5s. per set of two volumes) is a magnificent piece of work, both in content and presentation. The encyclopædia is remarkably comprehensive, covering furniture, glass, silver, pewter, to name but a few of the subjects. The contributors are all experts in their fields.

R. C. E.

"I HAVE BEEN TO YOU A TRUE AND HUMBLE WIFE": Katharine of Aragon (Dame Edith Evans) kneels before the King (Harry Andrews) as she begs to know why she is being divorced. This scene in the Court of Bishops comes in the Second Act of *King Henry VIII*, which is being presented at the Old Vic in London as the final production in the theatre's five-year plan to perform all the plays in Shakespeare's First Folio.

"THERE'S MISCHIEF IN THIS MAN": Henry grows angry when he hears that Buckingham has pretensions to the throne. Katharine of Aragon, still the Queen of England, sits beside him. At the King's feet is Cardinal Wolsey.

It is apt that this play, showing "the sea of glory" of Henry VIII's reign, blazing with pageantry and ringing with the sound of trumpets, should end the series. It invited the Elizabethans to witness the birth of their era out of confusion and turmoil—the play ends with the salute to the infant in arms who was to become the first Elizabeth. Dealing with the early part of Henry's reign before most of his matrimonial adventures, the play centres round the tragic end of Katharine of Aragon and the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey, played by Sir John Gielgud. Supporting the guest stars in a large cast are Richard Wordsworth (Duke of Norfolk), Jill Dixon (Anne Bullen), David Dodimead (Cranmer), and Paul Daneman (Lord Chamberlain). The play is produced by Michael Benthall with sets by Loudon Sainthill.

THE OLD VIC COMPLETES ITS FOLIO PLAN

"IN THE WILD SEA OF MY CONSCIENCE": The King (left foreground) explains to the Bishops and Cardinals why he must divorce Katharine of Aragon—he fears the marriage is not lawful. On the right are Cardinal Campeius (Derek Godfrey), with his hand cupped to his ear, and Cardinal Wolsey (Sir John Gielgud). Beyond the King are the Bishops.

"A CASTLE IN STONE"

Brodick Castle May be Taken Over by The National Trust for Scotland

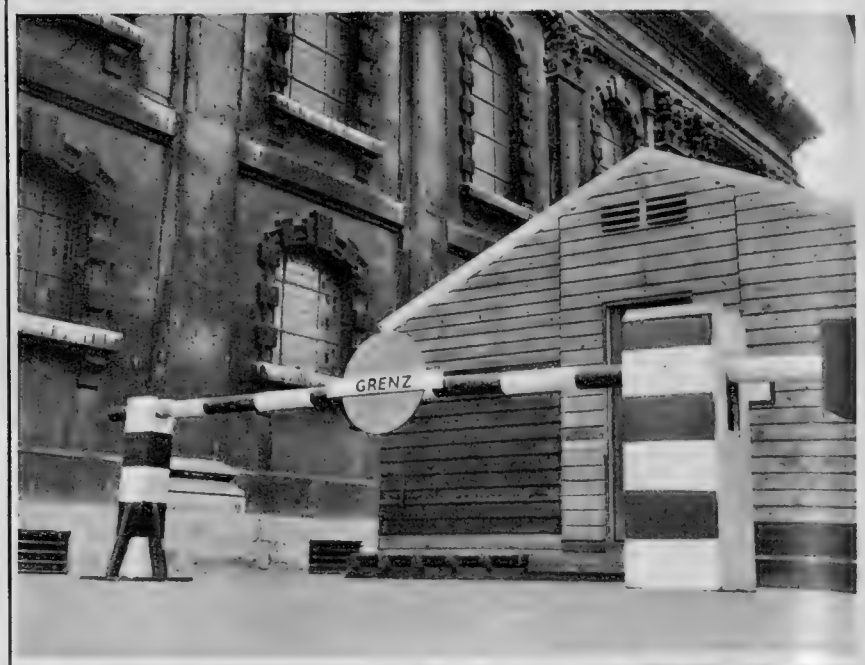
ON THE WOODED SLOPES OF GOATFELL: Combining the features of an ancient Scottish stronghold with those of a modern seat of a noble family, Brodick Castle stands on the wooded slopes which sweep up from Brodick Bay to the moorland and rocks of Goatfell, on the Isle of Arran. The castle and its collection of heirlooms may pass into the guardianship of the National Trust for Scotland. Owned by the ducal family of Hamilton, marriage brought within its walls some of the treasures collected by William Beckford in the Regency era and those of Princess Marie of Baden, whose mother was the adopted daughter of Napoleon Bonaparte. Also in the collection are the massive silver racing trophies gained by the 12th Duke. Despite the fact that the castle was razed to the ground more than once, it contains reminders of Bruce and his campaign for the Scottish crown. "'Twas bustle all in Brodick Bay" when Bruce prepared for the expedition. In the castle is "Bruce's Room," built in massive masonry at the top of a narrow passage and twisting stairs. Scarcely less solid are the buildings constructed to house Cromwell's garrison. The woodland garden, between the castle and the bay, was begun about 1923. Many rare sub-tropical plants flourish out of doors and the garden has a high horticultural reputation. At the top of the castle is the flat occupied by Lady Jean Fforde, whose mother was the late Duchess of Montrose. The latter as the only child of the 12th Duke of Hamilton inherited the property and did much to preserve the beauties of the castle.

THE FAMILY HEIRLOOMS: Lady Jean Fforde stands behind a Chinese porcelain goose, one of a pair with Dutch silver-gilt mounts. The trophy (right) recalls the winning of the Chesterfield Cup by the Duke of Hamilton's horse Vibration.

INSIDE BRODICK CASTLE: A view from the library through an archway to the drawing-room. On the left is a French circular inlaid table made for Princess Marie of Baden. Some of these heirlooms are likely to pass into the hands of the National Trust.

THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEE

A Squalid Little Hut off Trafalgar Square Depicts the Authentic Environments of Refugee Families



INSPECTING THE SQUALID BUT AUTHENTIC CONDITIONS: The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Mayor of Westminster visit the sparsely furnished refugee hut to see the conditions in which refugee families live.

A PORTRAYAL TRUE TO LIFE: It is not uncommon for a mother, father and two children to live in one tiny room such as the one illustrated. A refugee hut usually comprises three separate rooms, each 10 ft. square, with a communal washhouse at one end.

A REFUGEE HUT IN THE MIDST OF LONDON'S HUSTLE AND BUSTLE: Standing in the forecourt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, the hut is similar to the many hundreds found in refugee camps scattered along the borders of the Iron Curtain countries in Europe. It was the focal-point of London's contribution to Christian Aid Week, the annual nation-wide campaign arranged by the Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service of the British Council of Churches, the main idea being to draw attention to the hapless plight of refugees. The Mayor of Westminster was the first citizen to pass a realistic frontier bar which was erected outside the hut. The refugee camp has become a commonplace and an accepted part of the post-war world, and the hut portrayed was normally the centre of existence for three refugee families.

On left—
THREE ROOMS IN ONE: A view of another room in the hut, emphasising the degradation and misery of those living in them. For many refugee families, dismal surroundings such as these form the basis of the only home they know and, in some cases, the only home they are likely to have. The hut was on view publicly for over a week.

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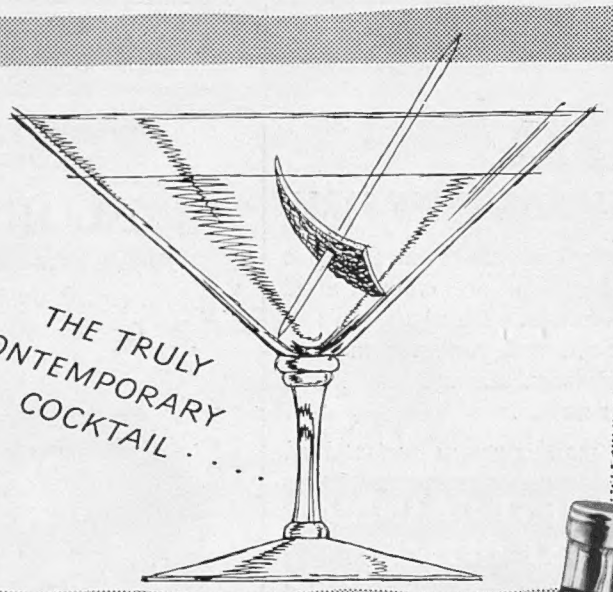

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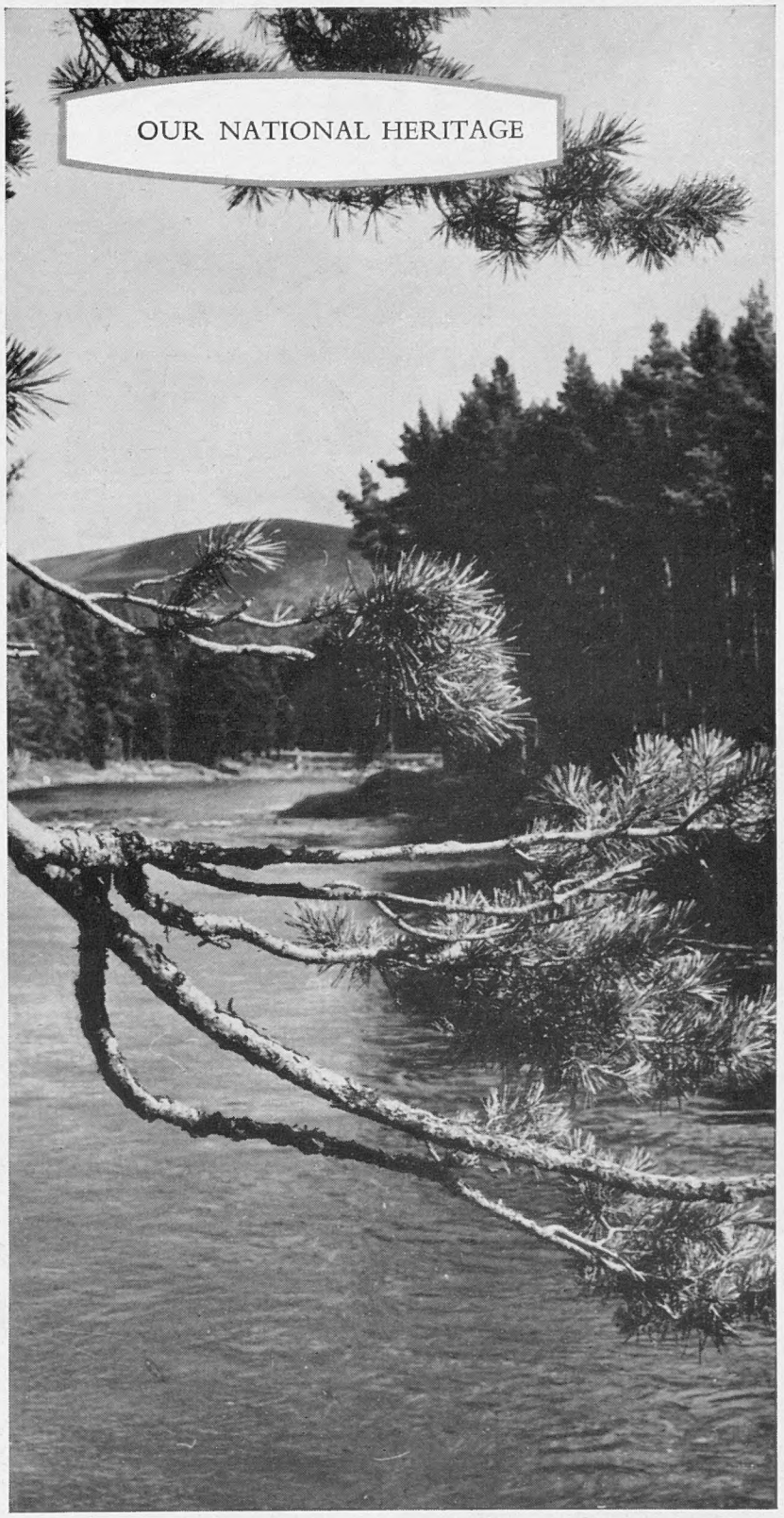

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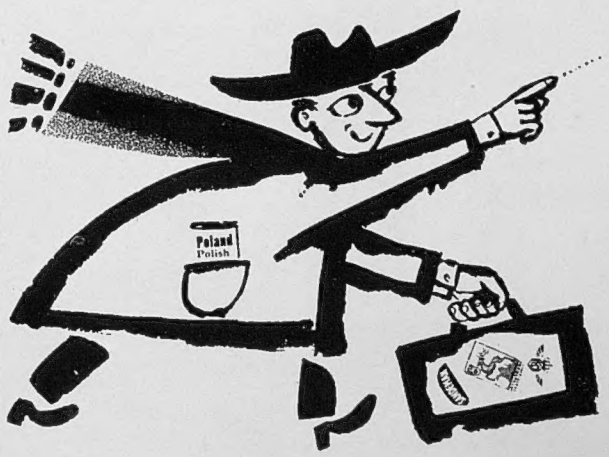

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

WHAT A LOVELY COUNTRYSIDE. Such are our thoughts as each year we cruise up and down, round and about the highways and byways of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

In spring and early summer, the loveliness of the countryside has the clarity and freshness of youth, and though Sussex, our home ground, is familiar to us, we are constantly being made aware of new vistas to invoke fresh admiration. It was on an early spring evening that we found ourselves once more at Abingworth Hall Hotel, some 2½ miles north of Storrington, on the road to Coolham, via Thakeham.

Holiday families and residential people are its patrons, for the owners, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Norris and Miss Burton, have fostered an environment of homeliness which is the more enhanced by the well-cared-for gardens surrounding the house.

Great clumps of aubrieta and daffodils splashed the slopes of the entrance drive and masses of peonies and rhododendrons were preparing to make their annual bow. On the picturesque lake, Mr. and Mrs. Drake (she was a Miss Duck) were showing off their new family to the hotel guests, and in the glass-houses bedding plants were already pricked out awaiting their turn to make their outdoor appearance in the huge herbaceous and vegetable gardens ; Chanctonbury Ring and the contour of the South Downs form an all-the-year scenic background.

Lovely surroundings indeed for those who seek the comforts and surrounds of a home without having to worry about domestic help, rates, taxes and fuel.

Warm in winter and cool in summer, Abingworth Hall Hotel, but 10 miles from the coast, should be jotted down in your notebook.

An attractive byway leads via Roundabout (a growing residential estate), through to Pulborough, and here we highly recommend The Chequers, which Mr. and Mrs. W. Stormont have been so ably running for a considerable number of years. " A model hotel in miniature," the Stormonts are model hoteliers in regard to the generous treatment they mete out to their guests ; they only buy the best and give of their best.

Country-lovers who would know more about the loveliness of Sussex, and for that matter, Surrey as well, might well consider making their headquarters at Chequers, for the Stormonts are indefatigable in priming their visitors on the interests of the locality. Whether you have your own car, use train, bus, or are content to walk, they have prepared a series of informative leaflets on places of interest to see, and how best to reach them. The Sussex seaboard and South Downs are but part of the Sussex picture ; within a perimeter bounded by Haywards Heath, East Grinstead, the Sussex boundary of Tunbridge Wells and Crowborough has some of the best scenery in Sussex.

" What a lovely countryside ! " was constantly in our thoughts as we motored through a day or two later to The Roebuck Hotel at Wych Cross, on the London–Eastbourne main road, about five miles south of East Grinstead. A familiar and eye-arresting landmark on this much-travelled road, it is now doubly attractive since, after a period of being virtually closed (bars excepted), new owners came into possession.

Both catering and comfort are of a high order ; from a comprehensive *à la carte* menu, we enjoyed a dinner which had the triple merit of skilled cooking, pleasing presentation and comely surroundings. Our bedroom, with private bathroom, and all we have seen at The Roebuck, are furnished in a manner that is a cut above normal hotel furnishings. Beds are supremely comfortable and individual requirements that we noted were a Thermos jug of iced drinking water, bedside radio and telephone, and an outsize tablet of bath soap.

Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Potter, the resident directorate, are not only experienced hoteliers but have their visitors' and staff's welfare very much at heart. Consider The Roebuck not only as a half-way house between London and Eastbourne, but as a pivotal centre for the unspoilt loveliness—the heart of Sussex.

Finally, a country hotel with a lovely garden only half-an-hour's train journey from London. This is Dorincourt House Hotel at Upper Warlingham (motorists turn off the Caterham by-pass), where we called for lunch recently. Fourteen acres of beautiful grounds are the right setting on a warm, spring day and after an excellent meal it was pleasant to sit over coffee on the terrace and admire the view across the Caterham Valley. We thought how lucky are those who, though they may have to travel to town daily, can return every evening to such a peaceful setting.

An Apology and an Amendment

In my article of April 19, 1958, I erroneously gave the impression that Pitt House Club, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, was, although close by the sea, not in view of it. On the contrary, as Mr. J. N. Clegg writes in his letter to me of April 23 : " We are rather appalled at this article because it gives the impression that the sea cannot be seen from the Club, whereas, in fact, five out of our eight bedrooms look over the sea and our residents' dining-room and the lounge also have windows looking over the sea. Furthermore, it is possible to see the ocean liners from all these rooms and also from part of the garden. In fact, it is a feature of the Club that it is absolutely on the edge of the sea and has a view over the sea."

My apologies to him and my readers for my slip-up.

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